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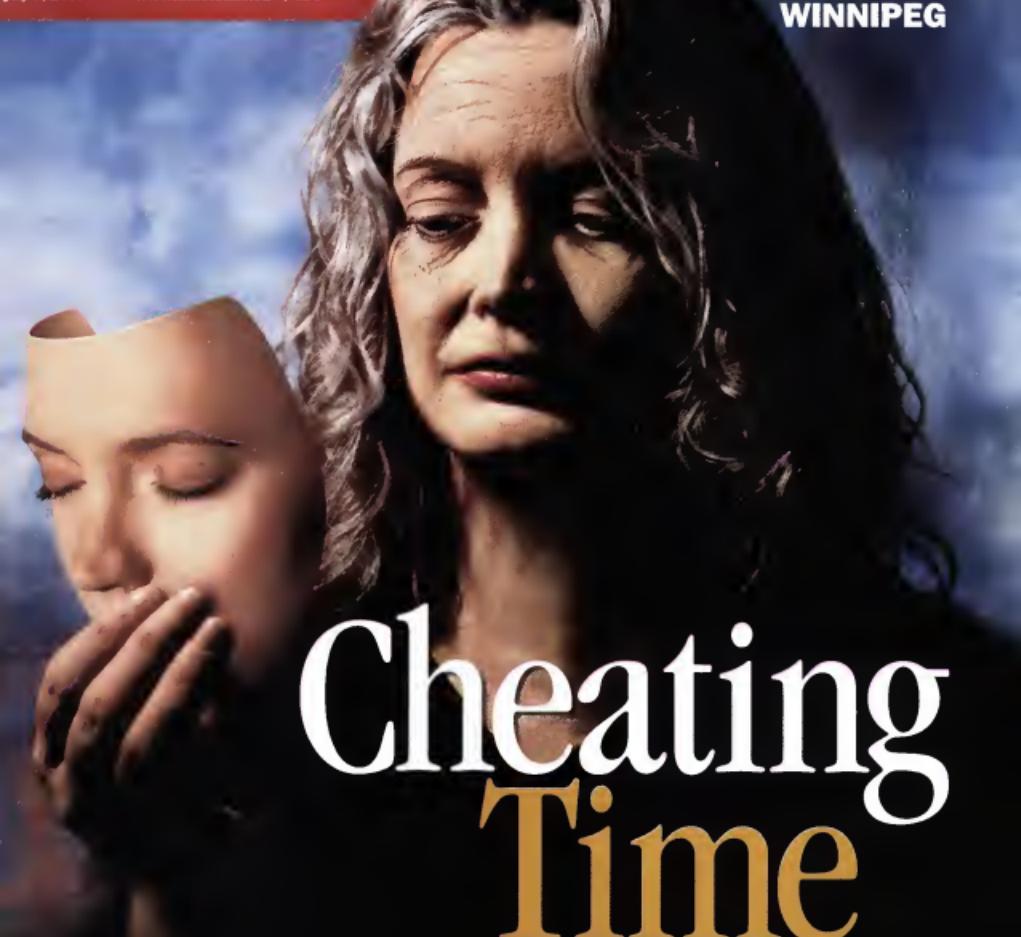
Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

July 9, 2001

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This Week

July 9, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 28

DEPARTMENTS

2 Editorial

4 Letters

8 Overtures/Passages

12 The Week that Was

14 Cover

20 Canada

After years in prison, a New Brunswick man regains his freedom. Ontario Premier Mike Harris mingles at the inquiry into the Walkerton tainted-water scandal

28 History

39 Canada and the World

The Nepalese Star of Stern Leone

42 Business

44 Tech Explorer

Golfing with help from satellites

45 People

46 Health

In the trenches of the war against AIDS, an expert defends breast self-examination.

49 Books

An Arctic exp North America may be the wildest country

50 Films

52 Art

Cutting-edge cotton in said Kandinsky museum.

54 Entertainment Notes

COLUMNS

30 Mary Janigan

56 Allan Fotheringham

Cover photo (Illustration by Dennis Kwan)

GOING, GOING, GONE A 20-year-old specialty, known as the Rogers House of pain, will be Rogers' 171 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. (10th fl.) from July 12 to 14. The 100,000-square-foot office tower, which is 90% leased, will be demolished to make way for a 15-storey, 100,000-square-foot office tower. The new building will be called the Rogers House of fun. The demolition of the Rogers House of pain is the latest in a series of demolitions that have been taking place in the downtown core. The last demolition was the demolition of the Rogers House of pain in 1997.

ROGERS Media is the latest in a series of demolitions that have been taking place in the downtown core. The last demolition was the demolition of the Rogers House of pain in 1997.

COVER



14 CHEATING TIME

Baby boomers would like to take a pass on the wrinkles. In a alone with chronic afflictions at incontinence and Alzheimer's, Many Mac Toronto broadcaster Dina Perry, are looking to exercise, science and alternative practitioners to provide the prescription for a longer, healthier life.

20 DOWN BUT NOT OUT

For Alexander Hisey, life is good in Prince Rupert. But others say offshore drilling would let the B.C. town finally free of its battered economy.



50 BLOW-UP

Gen & Dog shares screen time this summer with the corn flick *Cape Breton* and with *Sharkfish*, featuring an explosion financed by a Winnipeg company.



42 MICROSOFT GETS BACK IN THE FIRST LANE

Flush with a dozen victories snapping a breakup, Bill Gates' company is out to dominate software even more—with the help of the Internet.



25 WHEN GIRLS RULED

For 25 years before disbanding, in 1970, the Edmonton Grads were竟然ly successful. Two former players recall their days of glory.

From the Editor



Here's the news you can't have

For people in the news business, the plethora of choices in recent years has made life easier and harder. Consumers are increasingly used to receiving high-quality information swiftly, at little cost. That benefits journalists in much the same way. But the challenge for any media institution of maintaining a distinct, credible voice is magnified by that range of choice, including all news radio and television, and, of course, the Internet.

The nice thing on the positive side is that we succeed or fail on our own merits, with few government constraints. All it takes to start a new national newspaper is Canadian citizenship and an inexhaustible supply of cash—as Canada Black has discovered with the money-losing *National Post*, or, over at *The Globe and Mail*, all you can do against such competition is open your wallet, watch profit dry up and hope the war won't run both sides. Over time, it's likely that only one paper can survive—but if so, it will be because of reader preferences, not government fiat.

That's not the case in the television business, where all-news networks began life encumbered by constraints imposed by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. Consider CTV Newsnet, which has been ordered by the CRTC to interrupt any live coverage it provides of news events every 15 minutes to roll off the latest headline news. In short, the CRTC is saying, Newsnet must build a filter between news and viewers, who cannot be allowed to view an event without regular journalistic interruptions.

Leave aside how amazingly patronizing that is: the CRTC's point is that in 1996, CTV was given a license that specifically said "the licensee will not engage in any long form programming." Under those terms, Newsnet, with its present mix of live coverage

and suspended with headlines every 15 minutes and programs such as Mike Duffy's nightly interview show, may well be bringing up against that measure. But never mind—the real issue is why those terms stay in place. If the goal is to protect CBC Newsnet from competition, that's wrongheaded. CTV and CBC can compete against each other nightly on their main networks, and that makes both better. Newsnet is a good, well-run network, but why give it a monopoly on live programming?

The CRTC, which does not have jurisdiction over the Internet, increasingly looks as if it's caring about for a way to have a continuing impact on the lives of Canadians. Here, it's found one: the decision means that if viewers want to watch uninterrupted, a live international event not available on Newsnet, they should turn to... an American network like CNN, rather than Newsnet. As for Canadian events that Newsnet isn't interested in, sorry.

There's an old joke around Ottawa that goes like this: if you want to know how to end up running a small business, the answer is to build a big business, then leave the government no room in. In that case, the CRTC has sharpened that process in decision, if anything, will deny Newsnet a proper chance to get bigger, or better. That's all the news at the hour—subject to interruptions.

respons@renewcan.ca to comment on *From the Editor*

NEWSROOM NOTES

The aging game

Early into her research for this week's cover story, freelance writer Nona Underwood quickly discovered how little was really known about aging. Scientists told her they understand what happens in the later years, but not how to prevent it. They also said there is no evidence anywhere that the aging process can be reversed. That conclusion is at the centre of a bitter dispute between the two factions studying



McClelland, Underwood

aging. On one side are doctors and scientists looking for reliable ways to manage the negative impact on patients' health. On the other are so-called anti-aging specialists who, among other things, focus on reversing the aging process. "I had to be so careful," Underwood says. "There's not a lot of low-key research there."

Associate Editor Susan McClelland, writing about the cost of an aging popu-

lation, also found broad differences of opinion. Depending on the source, retiring baby boomers will either be rich and active, or sick and problematic for the health-care system. But that debate doesn't seem to stir strong emotions, mainly because most experts don't share the doomsday views. "People are just guessing what will happen," says McClelland, "and who can predict the future?" We try our best, starting on page 14.

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sexuals. And in this battle, Sutcliffe was a prime target. His badges indicate that he was an intelligence officer, hence proxy to the most top-secret information. And he was destined for Washington, a more sensitive post. Once his sexuality was uncovered, the United States would certainly not tolerate his presence. He would also almost certainly forfeit his high security clearance—the sine qua non for an intelligence officer. His career would then be over. The decision taken was thus the right one for that time. And it is only with full knowledge of, and sensitivity for, that time that we today can judge if indeed we can judge at all.

A. D. McKey, Calgary



Sutcliffe chose honour

Although what has happened to Maj. Herbert Sutcliffe is truly a shame, he seems to have chosen to do the honourable thing and put the uniform behind him, and in turn, establish his life in the present. We who live in this new millennium must never lose sight of how far we have come in solving now legal, colonial and acceptance and should celebrate that knowledge and stop trying to right the wrongs of the past or at least stop trying to pay them off with taxpayer's money. I, for one, am of Indian heritage, but I am not so blind for the Racists' inhuman treatment of Arabs, Jews, Druids or, for that matter, Egyptian queens.

R. M. Bruce, Ottawa

For more letters

[Viewpoints](#)

Beer and patriotism

I salute Molson Inc. for its efforts to try to sell more beer with commercials that have struck a chord with Canadians, opened up our hearts and helped bring us closer together as a nation ("The patriot game," Business, June 18). Whenever we see Joe, we don't think, we think about our country, our culture, our individuality, our nation as a whole and why we do what we do in the United States. It's funny how beer

'Agony and ecstasy'

More columns from Ann Dowd Johnman, please. Her "Notes from a novice" (June 25) evoked the agony and ecstasy of being a parent so eloquently. I almost forgot what you usually have on the back page: *Stewart O'Gorman, Ottawa*

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Edited by Sharda Devai with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

The boys of summer

*Heaven, strike! It Beside, hover road
And from the Parliament Hill
sandlot league: Small bands strength
in double agam*

→ **John Horner:** Nova Scotia premier outlasts naming curse, but poll shows public thinks name's wage demands are reasonable

→ **Sam Krosnick:** Ottawa baseball-bar owner provides the humor for San Francisco Giants' Beany Bonds' run at the single-season home-run record.

→ **John Stanley:** Foreign minister backs off AIDS pledge will come this month, after Canada offers embarrassingly little at last week's UN conference.

→ **Stockwell Day:** Loses yet another MP, Brian Fitzpatrick, and more defections are expected in early at this week.

→ **Garwin (Big) Miller:** Edmonton group plans \$100,000 statue of beloved jazz musician who lived in the city from the 1970s to his death in 1992.

PIN NUMBER PREDICAMENTS

Remember when the only password you needed was the one that granted admittance to the neighbourhood clubhouse? Things are a bit more complicated now. It's not uncommon for one person to need as many as 20 access codes—for such things as telephone voice mail, security systems, bank cards, credit cards, Internet and e-mail accounts, individual Web site subscriptions, office access, and computer and laptop computer log-ons.

While there are security risks associated with using the same password for more than one account, many take that risk rather than try to remember 20 different codes. Others see more safety concerns. WebAccess requires employees to change all their individual passwords on a regular basis, and no repetition is allowed. And lately companies and banks are mandating that users that there are strict password guidelines set out in their customer service agreements. Break the rules and companies don't have to compensate for that. There are some common restrictions as well as advice for a memorable but safe password system:

DON'T USE:

- Passwords used elsewhere
- Your name or those of close relatives
- Your birth date, telephone numbers, addresses
- A number on any ID card that is kept with or near your bank card (e.g., SSN number)

DO USE:

- A six-character minimum
- A combination of numbers and upper- and lowercase letters
- For numbered-only codes, convert a password to numbers on an alpha-numeric keypad
- A system for keeping track of changing passwords, such as food preferences. In alphabetical order: start with apples and then change to bananas. Or use variations on laws from a childhood rhyme: "Hickory Dickory dock went the mouse" (Hickory Dickory dock on a pony) (Hickory Dickory dock)



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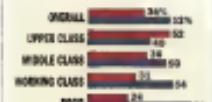
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NO 2-TIER HEALTH CARE?

When Jean Chretien voiced an interest in Sweden's privately run hospitals and health-care user fees recently, official Ottawa was taken aback. What could possibly have prompted the PM's remarkable openness to such innovations in public health care? After all, Chretien campaigned aggressively just last fall against any hint of dismantling Canada's universal medical tradition, scoring big points by attacking the Canadian Alliance's alleged "two-tier" policy.

One reason Chretien might be growing more amenable these days is known among Canadians as "Polling by Elena Betsch Associates Inc."—a firm whose insights into public mood swings are influential in the Prime Minister's responded to the following statement: "Individuals should be allowed to pay extra to get quicker access to health care services."



Overall
Agree
Disagree

Minister's Office—has uncovered a growing willingness among lower-income Canadians to consider out-of-pocket payments for care. While it remains a minority view, the concept has been gaining ground among those who define themselves as middle- or high-income.

Aiming middle-class Canadians, fewer than a quarter thought they should be able to pay extra for quicker medical care back in 1995. By early this year, more than a third agreed with the idea of pulling out their wallets for faster access. Another reason that Chretien might be eager to erode health reform of any sort: while Canadians used to blame the previous far-right health care problems, Elias has found they are now just as prone to point the finger at Ottawa.

John Geddes

Under the Big Top

High-flying facts

Step right up, folks! Don't be shy! Here are big-top circus tales from *Circus*—an interactive exhibit at the Ontario Science Centre

• The highest number of juggling balls in the world is 12.

• Clowns are called "Jesters" in tribute to the grandfather of clowns, Joseph Grimaldi (1778-1837). Grimaldi also invented the coloured, bouncy, frilly costumes many clowns wear.

• New and native circus employees are called "The First of May."

• "Larvae" is the term used for local townsfolk who arrive early to watch the circus unload.

• In photographs, an elephant's trunk must be raised for good luck.

• "Shuffles" in circus talk, are the employees who stand in lineups to make business look good.

• Jules Leotard (1838-1870) not only invented the flying trapeze, he set at the age of 21 but the price of fortifying



Put up your thumbs for good luck

clothing inspired artists still wear today. The word "jumbo" comes from a male African elephant by that name who toured with the Barnum & Bailey Circus. In 1885, Jumbo died when hit by a train in St. Thomas, Ont. It took 150 people to remove him from the tracks.

Yanks pull a Mercer

What might be shaft, but at least we're not dead! On June 26, a crew from NBC's Today Show headed to Halifax to kick Canadian's favorite question to its 10th floor. "It's 22 Minutes" asked, "Talking to Americans." While Canadian host Rick Mercer has explained American as "giant and shrill when it comes to their northern neighbours," the Today Show crew had the opposite experience. Among the questions posed to them of Nova Scotia's provincial legislature and on a busy street. Did you hear that in order to vote in

Canada you need to have a pig? Well, you know that President George W. Bush has a plan to purchase the Canadian side of Niagara Falls to cope with the U.S. energy crunch? "Most people were on to us, say-



Young day, Amish-style, as host Mercer (below) is received

and, "You guys are doing a Rick Mercer, aren't you?" NBC producer Tom MacCormack told a local newspaper. "More people get the joke than me. But on the other hand, some people were just too damn slow, saying, 'If you need the Falls, go ahead and take them!'"

MacCormack, who is currently shooting inside in Canada's episode, wasn't surprised most Canadians didn't pull it off. "It's not our culture, we are not pull-on-them. It just doesn't work in reverse."





They sprout up all over the place this time of year like dandelions.

Yard sales. Garage sales. Recycling for fun and profit. It's become something of a national pastime, spending a Saturday morning hawking castoffs in your driveway. It wasn't always one we knew dabbles in this carbuncle commerce at least since each summer My wife and I have always been more the Goodwill/Sally Ann type when it comes to clearing out the clutter and basement. But when our enterprising

friends made us feel like champs for giving the stuff away, we finally caved. Last summer, we decided to stage our own sale. What we discovered was a phenomenon that turns otherwise unassuming curiosities into naked wheeler-dealers.

Instead of seeking our fortunes onto neighbourhood telephone polls, we opted for the *Field of Dreams* philosophy. "If you hold it, they will come." As it turned out, we hit on the very Sunday that a few other families on our street were holding sales. Suddenly, we became part of a larger phenomenon—the sales scene. Other folks had emerged.

Even saying the sales started at 8 a.m. The first one pulled up before the sun had cleared the trees. That was our first lesson: to the hard-pressed-sell, posted times mean nothing. *Some early birds*, we were told, have been known to knock a dozen of advertised sales the night before to try and snag the best bargains. By 7:30 a.m., the street was lined with vehicles.

Naively, we'd assumed yard sales attract little old ladies with time on their hands, college students or the poor in need of saving some money. Not so. The row of gleaming SUVs shattered our illusions. Tamed or these people were looking for two things—stuff for the cottage and buried treasures. Out they came, sunglasses perched on their heads, lines in hand, noses in the air. They didn't speak to us as much as around us. "Who on earth would want that?" they'd say, with a cratch of the lip. "Look at this. Can you imagine?" At first, I thought it was merely a ploy to bring down the price, but as the day wore on I realized that some people really are that rude.

Never having worked in retail, I didn't know a lot about sales, but I've always understood the basic premise works this way: buy for a dime, sell for a dollar. With a yard sale, the

reverse applies. A \$120 exercise bike might go for \$25. A \$60 dog crate might fetch \$10 if you're lucky. And if there's any doubt, the haggling will set you straight. If you price an item at a dollar, they'll offer 50 cents. If it's 50 cents, they'll offer it for a quarter. We had raised our staff to haggle-basement prices just to get rid of it: unsoiled maps, 50 cents each; children's books, 25 cents or five for a dollar. Still they dickered.

Their expectations were on the high side. I'd set up a retired wood-cutter's griddle at 51, with a sign that said, "Does not work."

Pans or aprons? Would he buy my overcoat in it, only to recall in disgrace when they read the tag? "Oh, it doesn't work." Like I'd sell it for \$1 off the cost?

Given give 'em credit, though, people found potential in the odder places. One woman bought our old piano stool to use as a garden bench. Another woman purchased a former pet bed for her child's dad. Yet another scored a dog chain, which she intended to use for suspending

plants.

While many sought bargains, some were on the hunt for a "find." We had one such piece, an antique picture frame. It would have remained by money, had I known it to a dealer and sold it for what it was worth. But we figured, maybe it would brighten the spirit of a lonely pensioner. Instead, it caught the eye of a woman with tattered hair and tattered shades. You could practically see dollar signs pop up in her eyes as she grasped the frame. Playing it cool, so as not to tip the robes to the measure they were giving away, we strained over trying to look at it if she could take it or leave it. I was tempted to refuse the sale ("How did she get in there?"), but I figured I should follow the "finders, keepers" rule. At least she didn't have the gall to haggle over the price. When the deal was done, she graciously slipped down the drive.

Yard-sale season has descended again, but we won't be taking any part. True, it may be a good way to clear out your basement and make a pile of cash, but it also brings out the darker side of human nature. Sure, lots of people lose these sales. And some folks do think of themselves as losers. But I'd happily sit through summer blissfully oblivious to both.

Stephen Nicholls of *Winnipeg Sun* contributes enough for new junk.



Naively, we'd assumed that yard sales attracted little old ladies or students

PASSAGES

Leaving: After eight years on CTV's *Canada AM*, Valerie Pringle announced she will be leaving the morning television show. Pringle, who co-hosted the show with Dan Mathews, will stay at the network, working as a producer for CTV's specialty channels.

The five-time Gemini Award nominee first started in broadcast journalism at Toronto's CFRB radio station in 1973. By 1981, she had her own show, the *Pringle Program*. Three years later, the joint CBC-TV's *Midday* co-host, then moved to *Canada AM* in 1993. Pringle also co-hosted *60/50* from 1996 to 1999. In her new position at CTV, the 47-year-old mother of three will help launch several digital channels, develop series for their new channel as well as host the program *@YourService*. Her successor at *Canada AM* has not been announced.

Leaving: McGill history professor Desmond Morton is vacating the post of director of the university's Institute for the Study of Canada. Morton was personally chosen for the job by Charles Boothman, who created the centre in 1994 with a \$10-million endowment. Morton, a 63-year-old Calgary native, author of 31 books and a specialist in the Canadian military, will continue to teach at the university. He is being replaced by 36-year-old McGill political science professor Antonio Munoz.

Spit: After nearly four years, Julia Roberts, 33, and Benjamin Bratt have ended their relationship. No other details of the breakup were released. Bratt, 37, formerly of the NBC legal drama *Law & Order* attended the Academy Awards in March with Roberts when she won the best actress Oscar for *Erin Brockovich*.

Book: The childhood of Yvonne DeMers, one of the famous quadruplets born to Callander, Ont., mesmerized the world. After their birth in 1934, Yvonne and her four identical sisters—Maurie, Eunice, Clede and Annie—were removed from their family home by the Ontario government. For nine years they were put on display at what was dubbed "Quintland," an open compound that drew more than five million tourists. As a result, Yvonne, like her two surviving sisters (Eunice died in 1954 and Maurie in 1970), fiercely guarded her privacy as an adult. At 25, she used to let her sisters' photo to become a man who was named down by the church. She later worked as a deli in a Montreal library. Yvonne, 67, died of cancer in a Montreal hospital.

Retired: Ray Bourque, the high-scoring defenceman in NHL history, will go out on top. After 22 seasons, the 60-year-old Bourque announced his retirement after finally capturing the Stanley Cup. The Boston-based native spent his entire career with the Boston Bruins before

requesting a trade to the Colorado Avalanche, which was completed in March, 2000. When the Avalanche beat the New Jersey Devils for the Cup in June, Bourque's dream came true. "It means I retire as a champion," he said, adding he's planning to spend more time with his wife and three children.

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TYRANT IN THE DOCK

The war known as the "butcher of the Balkans" could now return to court his opponents. But now, former Yugoslav President Slobodan Milošević, 64, indicted of the Balkan conflicts that produced Europe's most disastrous atrocities since the Second World War, will enter a courtroom and face the rule of law. Milošević is the first former head of state to face trial at the UN War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague. He was turned over to tribunal representatives in Belgrade, flown to the Netherlands aboard a Ryan plane and delivered by helicopter before dawn to a black, walled prison. The charges against Milošević include claims against him for his role in the massacre of civilians in Kosovo, and will likely be expanded to include possible war crimes committed in wars he waged against Bosnia and Croatia in the early 1990s.

STOCK'S 'WRECKING CREW'

Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day, a far-right party dissident, they face expulsion if they try to form their own party. So far, 11 Alliance MPs, including Day, called the "wrecking crew," have left the caucus, but even so he issued the ultimatum. Day was questioned about the accuracy of the released information by his new chief of staff, Jim MacLachlan, who claimed to be a senior campaign adviser to Ontario Premier Mike Harris in 1999 and B.C. Premier Gordon Campbell in last month's election. Spokesmen for both principals said MacLachlan had no such role.

Warship threat

The Canadian frigate HMCS Winnipeg was ordered to remain at sea after the Pentagon warned that terrorist attacks against Western forces in the region were imminent. The ship, with a crew of 225, was due to dock in Dubai by the Persian Gulf. The Pentagon fears a repeat of the suicide bombing in Yemen last October that killed 17 sailors aboard the USS Cole.

School tax break

In a 50 to 35 vote, the Ontario legislature passed a controversial bill approving six credits for parents with children in private schools. The plan will give parents a tax credit of up to \$3,500 per child per year by 2006. The initiative was soundly condemned by critics who believe the measure will divert money away from the cash-strapped public school system.

AIDS war declared

The United Nations launched a sweeping plan to reverse the worldwide AIDS epidemic, which has killed 22 million people since 1981. An agree-

MILITANTS IN WHITE

When an illegal walkout didn't achieve their goals, health care workers in Nova Scotia threatened to resign en masse. After two days of protest to back demands for better wages and working conditions, 5,100 members of the Nova Scotia Government Employees Union—including 2,200 nurses—returned to work at Halifax-area hospitals. But they remained angry that John Hamm's Conservative government passed Bill 68, taking away

their right to strike. The bill could be referred to the Nova Scotia Human Rights Commission, which 4,400 members, working in mostly rural hospitals, will be in a legal strike position on July 10. They are also considering mass resignations. But nurses in Alberta had better ideas. They are newspaper ads in Nova Scotia and British Columbia, where nurses are also in a protracted contract dispute with the provincial government, increasing solidarity—and urging colleagues to join them. The headlines: "Alberta desperately needs you!"



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ment reached at the end of the three-day debate calls on governments to create national AIDS programs to reduce infection rates. Western countries also announced new contributions to a global AIDS fund administered by the United Nations. Canada pledged \$73 million to the fund, while the United States offered \$1.3 billion.

Riots in Macedonia

A NATO-brokered peace deal sparked riots in the Macedonian capital of Skopje. The rioting followed a NATO decision to expel 300 ethnic Albanian fighters from a suburb of Skopje to a mostly ethnic Albanian area to the north. Ethnic Albanians have been fighting for an independent state in Macedonia, which borders Kosovo, since last February. The NATO move was designed to bring both sides to the bargaining table.

Suspect extradited

After gaining assurances the death penalty will not be imposed, a French court approved the extradition to the



Kopp, heading for justice

United States of James Kopp, who is accused of shooting two North American abortion doctors. He is charged with murdering Andrea, N.Y., gynecologist Barnett Slepian in October 1998, and with attempted murder in the 1995 shooting of Hamilton doctor Hugh Stoll. Canadian police also want to question him in connection with the shooting of two other physicians. Gary



UNCERTAIN PEACE. An Palestinian demonstrator marches in Jénine across the West Bank in protest. U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell headed to Tel Aviv. Powell managed to calm the Israel and the Palestinian leadership to ease tensions while peace negotiations proceeded. But optimism was promptly shattered when a Jewish settlement was bombed.

Revolution of Vancouver in 1994 and Jacki Feitman of Winnipeg in 1997.

Reversible vasectomy

Health Canada approved a clinical trial for a male contraceptive implant that may be as effective as a vasectomy. Ten percent of men who have vasectomies later try to have them reversed, often unsuccessfully. The device, comprising two tiny plugs that block sperm, can later be removed.

Out of money

Two troubled Canadian companies filed for bankruptcy protection. Burlington, Ont.-based Lanthaw Inc., operator

of Greyhound bus lines and North America's familiar yellow school buses, has long been in the red due to a spate of expensive acquisitions. Vancouver's 360 Networks Inc., headed by former Microsoft chief financial officer Greg Maffei, got caught in the tech slowdown as demand for fiber-optic networks plummeted.

No work like it

The Canadian Forces will be raising the mandatory retirement age from 55 to 60. Budget cuts since the 1990s have reduced the number of uniformed personnel to just under 60,000 from 100,000. The

new retirement age, expected to take effect in early 2002, is part of a larger bid to hold off a manpower shortfall. The Forces will also allow civilians to be hired temporarily.

Victory in turf war

In a decision that will have ramifications across Canada, the Supreme Court ruled municipalities have the right to ban the use of pesticides on lawns. In 1998, the Montreal suburb of Hudson restricted the use of pesticides, but two Quebec landscaping companies challenged the bylaw. The court ruled the bylaw falls within provincial laws regulating municipalities.

THE LAST INTEREST RATE CUT?

For the fifth time this year, the U.S. Federal Reserve Board dropped its key interest rate, this time by a quarter of a percentage point. The rate now stands at 3.75 percent, down from 6.5 percent in January, the most aggressive action by the Fed in two decades. The central bank cited slowing growth abroad and declining U.S. profits and capital spending. The latest cut, smaller than usual, was seen as a signal that the Fed is nearing the end of its campaign to stimulate growth. Economists predict just one more rate cut when the Fed meets in August.

PLUMMETING . . .



It isn't enough that people are already living longer. We want to live better, too



After two years of following a diet and exercise program, this 50-year-old Petty wants to "peak at 60 and hold it. And it's no possible."

Cheating Time

BY NORA UNDERWOOD

The quest for eternal youth or immortality has been documented down the ages in epic poetry, Greek mythology, literature, art, gothic horror novels, even in *Harry Potter*. Man has searched for fountain of youth and philosopher's stones, drunk magic potions, bathed in sacred waters, slept with virginal young women, ingested all manner of questionable substances—all in a vain attempt to forestall the inevitable. In the case of being, members of the only self-aware species, we spend a third of our lives sleeping, and too many waking hours pondering death and all its implications. "Even when we're healthy, we know we're going to die," says Andre Schaefer, director of the Centre for Professional and Applied Ethics at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. "And, of course, most of us cope with that with denial."

It isn't enough, apparently, that we're already living longer. Thanks to the discovery of antibiotics, an improved infant-mortality rate, cleaner water and better housing, the average life expectancy in North America has climbed to about 77 years in 2001 from less than 50 century ago. But that hasn't mollified the masses. During the past decade, the market for supposedly age-defying products such as diets, lotions and drugs has exploded. And why not? Nearly half of all baby boomers have already turned 50, so if there's a way to help preserve youth and vigor in that most Peter Pan-ish of generations, there's a pile of money to be made. "Baby boomers have grown up with the idea that science can do anything and that they can do anything they want," says Dr. Mitchell Horwitz, director and president of the Kavli Longevity Research Institute in Phoenix, Ariz. "They've worked hard and they're enjoying their lives and they're in no hurry to shrivel off this mortal coil."

But it's not as simple as that. Modern medicine may cure us from many once-deadly diseases, but by living longer, we are more susceptible to age-related afflictions, such as osteoporosis, diabetes, heart

disease and Alzheimer's. "Chronic diseases perhaps don't wipe us out," says Schaefer. "But they cripple our lives with pain, make us dependent on others, make us feel less than fully human."

So the focus for scientists, doctors and alternative medical practitioners is on learning how to promote healthy longevity. They don't claim to have a magic cure for aging, but with a slew of self-help books, lifestyle programs and treatments, they do offer the tantalizing possibility of a slower, smoother and healthier trip to the finish line. And they have plenty of enthusiastic subscribers. Tonning author and broadcaster Diana Petty, 56, gives a lot of credit for her good health to a diet and exercise program she has been following for the past two years. "My personal goal is I'm going to peak at 60 and hold it," says Petty. "And it's possible."

Not everyone is so sure. Certainly, researchers know more than ever about how we age and how that process might be influenced in the future, but they also know that what they've discovered is just the beginning. At a result, there are new strains on the already uneasy relationship between doctors and researchers in the traditional sciences and those in the more alternative field known as anti-aging medicine. One side requires proven results and government approval; the other is already in the marketplace offering products and services.

RESEARCHERS STUDYING AGING SAY THEY ARE CLOSE TO BREAKTHROUGHS THAT MAY BEGIN TO SHOW BENEFITS BY THE TIME YOUNGER BABY BOOMERS START TO RETIRE

seen that step—or may not—have the desired effects. The field is getting noisy. Some scientists, including Dr. Jay Olshansky, a research scientist at the Center on Aging at the University of Chicago, are eager to distance themselves from those involved with anti-aging medicine, particularly Olshansky notes, the inevitable "charlatans and quacks selling snake oil" who get lumped in with more serious alternative medicine practitioners. To that end, Olshansky and his colleagues plan to submit a piece to both a medical journal and *The New York Times* this summer detailing exactly what is and is not known about the aging process. The relationship between the groups was strained that Michael Fosd, who edits a science-based medical journal on aging in Ann Arbor, Mich., is lobbying to change the name of his publication. "I am the editor of the *Journal of Anti-Aging Medicine*," says Fosd, "and there's no such drug."

Then there is Ronald Klain, founder of the Chicago-based American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine (AAM) and seemingly the prime target of conventional scientists' scorn. He says the whole conventional view has everything—"strength, romance, science, politics, backstabbing, you name it." Klain doesn't like being lumped in with charlatans any more than the scientists do. He reiterates the implication that all anti-aging practitioners are

unscrupulous, and he's disdainful of the ponderous approach of conventional medicine. "They have to see it 20 times and it has to be blessed by the American Medical Association and the Food and Drug Administration and they have to get a note from the Pope saying it's OK," says Klain of the researchers. "To them, anti-aging medicine is not part of the orthodoxy and as such should be shunned."

Somewhat lost in the backbiting, the question remains: how much impact can we have on aging? Klain and the approximately 10,000 anti-aging practitioners from 60 countries who are members of AAM focus on early detection and prevention, treatment of age-related diseases and reversal of the aging process. At facilities such as the Beresford in Toronto—the first clinic of its kind in Canada—the staff uses diagnostic tools from various disciplines to determine a patient's health. Tests are run to assess everything from sun-related skin damage and brain damage (via hormone levels), biomarkers for coronary disease and cognitive function.

The anti-aging team, which includes a medical doctor, a naturopath, a behaviour therapist, a massage therapist and a skin-care specialist, then devises a special program for the client, which could include anything from prescription medicine and nutritional or hormonal supplements to a dietary, exercise and massage regimen.



Gilashany (left) and most other conventional researchers dispute the promises made by anti-aging proponents such as Klain (above).



Petty is a client of the Beresford and a self-described "poker gal for longevity." In fact, Petty says her treasured—which so far have cost \$5,500 and which consist, among other things, of nutritional supplements and an exercise plan—have not only improved her mental ability but also her shape. "I look in the mirror and go, 'That's amazing,'" she adds. Her mother suffered the last few years of her life from the effects of stroke. "We were older women who are crippled with osteoporosis, hunched over, unable to eat, heart attacked, and my mom was I'm not going to get there," says Petty, "and there's no longer a need to go there."

Some of the focus of anti-aging medicine involves reversing

certain hormones such as DHEA, human growth hormone, estrogen and testosterone to more youthful levels. (In Canada, neither DHEA nor human growth hormone is available for these purposes.) In 1996, the *New England Journal of Medicine* published a study in which growth hormone produced successful results on older men in a veterans' hospital. Muscle mass increased and fat decreased, vision improved and dental acuity. The practice spread: actor Nick Nolte and director Oliver Stone reportedly get regular injections of growth hormone in their battle to hold back the aging. Another anti-aging strategy is using supplements of antioxidants such as vitamins E and C, niacin, alpha-lipoic acid and CoQ10 to help fight free radicals in the body, which are known to contribute to the aging process and to the development of certain diseases.

Proponents swear the treatments are effective. "One problem with anti-aging medicine is there's no problem with anti-aging medicine," exclaims Klain. "This is a win-win-win-win scenario for everybody except for those few people who are sitting on top of the pyramid. They're stuck in the old paradigm." Still, Klain denounces the "magic spray technicians who have homeopathic elixirs and elixirs and tonics, instead, that everybody he and his colleagues teach and endorse based on research that has been published in scientific journals." DHEA, melatonin, human growth hormone, antioxidants, nutrients—none of these are experimental drugs," he says. And in a dig at endocrinologists, he adds: "They claim that all these therapies are dangerous. So where are the bodies?"

But most scientists are cautious. "There appeared to be some initial benefits from injections of growth hormone, but they're claiming that they will help you live longer, and actually there's recent experimental evidence from animals to suggest that the use of growth hormone in animals has a life-shortening effect," says Olshansky. "Surprise, surprise." In addition, he says, there is no evidence at all that consuming anti-oxidants will delay aging. "Very, anyone claims who can stop or reverse the aging process, they're lying to you," says Olshansky. "There's no scientific evidence that anything exists today to stop or reverse the aging process."

There are treatments that both sides say are capable of slowing the aging process, but they are medical. One, by dashingly outside, has typically increased life expectancy by 30 to 40 per cent in the species on which it has been attempted. At the National Institutes of Aging in Bethesda, Md., rats, mice and monkeys have been fed foodstuffs reduced in calories by as much as 50 per cent of the norm. The animals remain active and healthy compared with their free-eating counterparts, and the onset of age-related disease was delayed. But the experiment has never been adequately done on humans and, because of its severe impact on the energy diet, isn't seen as a viable approach. "If people can't even stop smoking, how do you expect them to control their calorie intake?" says Huber Werner, the

NIH's associate director for the biology of aging, professor Soll. The studies have provided the first evidence that the aging process is not fixed.

Another promising approach is gene alteration. "Even within single species, there are variations that lead to changes in both body size and lifespan," explains Kroon's Harman. "Great Danes are chipping along at the age of 7, a Scottish terrier is chipping along at the same age. The idea that genes determine longevity was out there for anybody who wanted to look at it with clear eyes." If only it were that simple. "Which genes are they?" he adds. "We don't know that."

Researchers have, however, used genetic intervention to es-

cape the idea of extension of life as a benefit, even better. "But what if that actually happens? Will the consumers who can't stomach the idea of genetically modified foods be willing to subject themselves to similar manipulations for a chance to live a little longer? And who will benefit? If a longer, healthier life becomes something that is available only to the rich, as Harman sees, "then it's going to be hell to pay." Then there's the question of retirement age: what will the healthy older people be going to do and about whom going to support them when they become unable to support themselves. And what if life expectancy increases but the birth rate remains the same? Simple. "The plane," says Harman, "will become sailing room only."

Just because science hasn't found any easy answers yet doesn't mean people shouldn't begin debating the issues. Harman believes researchers are so close to breaking through that there will be benefits even for younger baby boomers. Fouad agrees that the understanding of the aging process will grow dramatically in the next few years, but is more cautious about predicting when people will begin to feel the benefits. "When did we start polio? Most people would say 1954 because that's when the commercial vaccine

hit the market," says Fouad. "If we go forward 100 years and we poll people on the internet and we ask, 'When did we cure aging?' I think they'll give us a number some time in the next decade."

In the meantime, there are lessons to be learned from the people who live on the 161 islands that make up Okinawa, a prefecture of Japan. The population of 1.3 million includes more than 400 centenarians. That means that 34 of every 100,000 citizens

hit the century, says Fouad. "If we go forward 100 years and we poll people on the internet and we ask, 'When did we cure aging?' I think they'll give us a number some time in the next decade."

While Carter may not be typical today, the night will be the picture of tomorrow's active senior. By 2021, an estimated 30 per cent of Canadians will be over the age of 65—up from 12 per cent in 1998. And these seniors will likely be living healthier and longer lives than any preceding generation.

But what will that demographic shift do to Canadian society? Some experts predict that more seniors than ever will be wealthy consumers of everything.

She found time to travel abroad, to China, India and Brazil, among other destinations. And she has survived a battle with breast cancer. "I love being a senior," says the 77-year-old Carter. "I have to reach freedom after raising a family for 35 years. I am happy to be alive and to be able to contribute."

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By 2021, ABOUT 20 PER CENT OF ALL CANADIANS WILL BE OVER 65—UP FROM 12 PER CENT IN 1998

King Highfield says, "Don't spend the last third of your life in a nursing home."



Experts predict these will be more active seniors such as Carter (above), but others will struggle in the 'golden years'

have reached or exceeded the age of 100, compared with the five to 10 per 100,000 Americans who manage to do so. The average life expectancy of Okinawans is 81.2, compared with 79 in Canada. Cause of death, more often than not, is old age; coronary heart disease, breast cancer and prostate cancer are rare.

Researchers spent 25 years studying the Okinawan way of life. Last month, three of these investigators released a book, *The Okinawan Program*, which details how Okinawans eat low-calorie diets full of vegetables, complex carbohydrates, soy foods and fish; how they get regular exercise; how they have strong spiritual belief; and how they benefit from excellent social and community support systems. Younger Okinawans who have adopted more modern Japanese or North American lifestyles, say the authors, are showing a general decline in health.

The lesson is not to wait for science. "Everyone wants a herbal combination, a vitamin combination or a pharmaceutical combination that takes every pain and death," says Victoria-based nutritional researcher Sam Graca. "But we have to go back and look at our lifestyles." Graca, 56, has a personal regimen for "optimum health" not unlike the Okinawans. Like Graca, Victoria sports nutritionist Brad King, author of *Ageless*, a book about how to maintain healthy life, advocates eating the right kind of proteins and fats, using antioxidant and vitamin supplements, drinking lots of water, sleeping soundly, getting the right kind of exercise regularly, managing stress and enjoying life. "Live with health and vitality, and don't spend the last third of your life in a nursing home," says King, "because it doesn't have to be that way."

Gina Wilson agrees. Since 1998, the 43-year-old mother of four in Victoria has cut sugar, refined carbohydrates and white out of her diet while adding in more water, fruit, grains, vegetables, vitamins and antioxidant supplements. With newfound vitality, Wilson took up competitive rowing and has won numerous medals in double sculls at amateur regattas throughout North America. "I have been able to accomplish much more than I ever would have dreamed," she says. "I can perform on a new and much higher level. These are 40-year-old women who are still rowing, and I'm going to be one of them someday." That ambition isn't so foolish. Science may or may not hand another 30 or 40 years in play with, but the important fact is that we already have the information we need to live long, healthy lives. Like Wilson, we just have to choose to use it.

Given the choices, would you rather extend your life with a guarantee of good health, or the average lifespan in good health? www.sasknowit.com

THE COSTS OF AN AGING POPULATION

By Susan McClelland

Mary Ebbin Carter started a new life—several new lives, really—after she turned 65 in 1987, the founder of the children's book publishing company Tandem was elected to a four-year term as mayor of Wainwright, in greater Edmonton. Since then, she has received theatre productions in Montreal, Detroit and New York City. She kept her hand in politics: the grandmother of six was deeply involved in Wainwright's battle against the Quebec government's plan to merge Montreal with neighbouring municipalities.

She found time to travel abroad, to China, India and Brazil, among other destinations. And she has survived a battle with breast cancer. "I love being a senior," says the 77-year-old Carter. "I have to reach freedom after raising a family for 35 years. I am happy to be alive and to be able to contribute."

They should have much more flexible working lives. Experts forecast greater opportunities for older workers in part-time and flexible-schedule jobs. "There will be a re-invention of labour markets, fewer employees, and companies will be looking for ways to attract back the older worker," says Prince. "There is a

lof of corporate workers in a senior employment." And these academics now play down fears over the impact on public pension plans. "The demands of an aging population won't be anything like 'soft hands,'" says Lynn McDonald, a University of Texas professor in the faculty of social work. "There will be fewer children to support, for one thing, and everything will balance out."

That's a sadder view than other experts hold. They anticipate big bumps in the road ahead, particularly for health care. "There has been a tremendous increase in life expectancy over the past century, but it's not always healthy life expectancy," says Rejean Hébert, scientific director of Sherbrooke's Institut of Healthy Aging. "The challenge will be to compress the disability period pre-

ceding death." This does appear to be happening with males, but not females, Hébert says. A recent Quebec health survey found that elderly men experienced poor health in the last four years at 65, but women generally were in poor health for the last seven years.

Women are further disadvantaged on the economic front. Women who are 65 and over have the lowest average annual income of any age group in the country at \$16,000—which is \$10,000 less than their male counterparts. Future female seniors may not live much longer. In 1997, the average annual salary of working women was \$19,800, just 62 per cent that of men, a distressing statistic given that pensions are salary-based. For some, it seems, the so-called golden years may not be so shiny.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

BY KEN MACQUEEN in Prince Rupert

In the Pacific Memorial Park, near the Museum of Northern British Columbia in Prince Rupert, stands a low yellow brick wall. It was built in 1906. Inscribed on individual and clay tablets are the names of more than 100 miners who died on the Pacific Ocean after leaving the shelter of their deepwater port, tucked below the Alaska Panhandle. Most were fishermen, a few crewed freighters, or they flew seaplanes.

It's instructive to spend a few moments with the dead. A dozen pages over a new awakening dawn for the battered economy of the province's north coast. Barred under the seabed off the Queen Charlotte Islands, a few low hills still from Prince Rupert, may be the richest unexploited oil deposit on the West Coast of Canada. Critics of offshore drilling say the prospect of oil-rich riches has blinded many in the hard-hit region to the potential cost of puncturing holes in the ocean floor. The emotional wall says otherwise. To live there is to know there is a price paid for everything taken from the ocean. It is a calculated risk, whether the reason is fish or freight or oil.

Even in Prince Rupert there is not universal agreement about the wisdom of building gas wells and oil rigs on the turbulent, towering seas of Heceta Strait. There is, however, a growing consensus that the provincial government of Gordon Campbell is unlikely to ignore it: offshore drilling is a calculated risk, it is time to start calculating.

It's 6:30 a.m. and Alexander Hickey—once upon a time of St. Mary's Bay Nlaka—stands prominently on the wharf of the J. S. McMillan Fisheries plant in Prince Rupert, awaiting a Tim Horton coffee after 5½ days spent chasing red snapper off British Columbia's central coast. The weather was good, the fish cooperative. Plate workers are readying a gill net to vacuum almost four tonnes of catch from the holds of the 21-m dragger *Kwewel*. It will be sorted, filleted and shipped fresh to U.S. markets.

On a morning like this—contemplating a resurrection of the catch—Nlaka is good to go. The Pacific has proved a godsend for Hickey, who named his book on Newfoundland in 1993 after the collapse of the cod fishery. "It can make more in two months than I can make in 12," says Hickey, his face creased and weathered by 37 years of fishing.

Canada

His contentment is a rare enough thing in Prince Rupert, a slower city riding out the economic equivalent of a perfect storm. It is bounded on all sides by a depressed salmon fishery by a failing forest sector, by plummeting trade in the raw materials and resources that flow through its port. Hickey says offshore oil would help the local economy in much as it helped build Newfoundland. "It would boost the taxes, that's for sure," he says. "Whenever I go to the oil fields, they're always talking about the oil. 'Once a driller and the other a supervisor on rig in Alberta.' Of course, he continues. "No one wants to see a spill."

The anticipated undersea hydrocarbon reserves may not even be measurable. Fourteen exploration wells were drilled with inconclusive results in the late 1960s. A moratorium by the B.C. government stopped further exploration because of a still-unresolved dispute with the federal government over jurisdiction of the resource. The federal government imposed its own moratorium in 1972 because of environmental concerns. Those bars were lifted in review in the late 1980s after extensive public consultation. But the political will to lift them vanished when more than 250,000 barrels of crude oil leaked from the tanker *Exxon Valdez* into Alaska's Prince William Sound in 1989.

The lobby began anew four years ago

HOPING TO REVIVE ITS FLAGGING ECONOMY, SOME RESIDENTS OF PRINCE RUPERT WANT TO END THE MORATORIUM ON OFFSHORE DRILLING





Life is good for Hickey, but not everyone shares his enthusiasm.

when a Prince Rupert-based group, the North Coast Oil and Gas Task Force, sought to reinvigorate the region's fading economy. It gained momentum in May with the election of Campbell's Liberals, a business-friendly government on the fast to new revenue. "What can be done in an environmentally sound and sensible way, certainly I would consider it," Campbell said, even before his swearing in last month.

Needy, Bill Belley, the vice-chairman of the oil and gas task force and a amateur metallurgist, had done an offshore rig in the newly named Liberal MLA for the region. He says he's pleased the Liberals have started on "this cautious path" in reviewing the issue. A report to be delivered this week to the government by the previous northern development commission, John Blackhouse, is widely expected to recommend a broad-based series of public hearings in dozens of communities where drilling may have an impact on the environment and the economy. The stakes are huge. "It's the potential for an awful lot of money," says Belley. "There are governments all over the world that would like to promote the kinds of resources that are predicted."

In 1996, the Geological Survey of Canada estimated the potential resources at 9.8 billion barrels of oil and 25 trillion cubic feet of gas—about three times the size of Alberta. A report this spring by the Maritime Awards Society of Canada, an acoustographic think-tank, says the total direct and indirect wealth generated by exploring such a find could be about \$750 billion—not through it doesn't underestimate the political or environmental risk. British Columbian share of revenues, spread over 30 years, could be \$4.5 billion annually, the society estimates, with billions more in indirect benefits.

On a quiet wet afternoon, Den Krasel, president and CEO of the Prince Rupert Port Authority, stands on the craggy asphalt expanse of Fairview Terminal. He was an early and outspoken advocate of leaving the monolith, and he doesn't have to say much to make his case. In good times, heavy lift trucks race down the long ramparts between mountains of boulders awaiting shipment south or to Asian markets. Today, a local hardware store would stock more lumber than the pile sitting on the terminal's sprawling 21-hectare dock.

The nearby oil facility has also seen a prosperous plateau in diggers after world Asian demand closed the open-pit Quan-

site mine in the B.C. interior. "It's been terribly discouraging," concedes Krasel, who is nevertheless pushing ahead with plans to capture a share of the lucrative Alaskan crude industry. As far freight, the usual tonnage handled by the port has fallen by about half since 1996. Offshore energy development, Krasel says, would mean additional sprawl for beyond servicing a few rigs. Seal mills, liquefied gas plants and petrochemical facilities could all be drawn to the region by a hydrocarbon strike. "I have a very strong belief we're among on a diamond in the rough," he says.

In the meantime, Prince Rupert's population has fallen to an estimated 14,500—a drop of 2,700 in three years. Resources are stretched thin to cope with the resulting stress, poverty and dysfunction. In April alone, five people committed suicide, two of them under the age of 18. "The social fabric of our community is just bad," says Dave McCague, business consultant and founding chairman of the oil and gas task force. "This is a time when the fishing season opens, you would see hundreds and hundreds of boats in the harbour. You don't see that anymore. You don't see the bodies downwind that you used to."

Like many here, McCague fears the best may be hijacked by "Lower Mainland capitalistic no-drilling Hollywood envi-

ronmentalist" and southern B.C. sensibilities. "They're great in coming out with objections to development in certain areas, but they never seem to come out with an alternative," he says. "You take resource contractors—they might fly up in a jet and burn 10,000 lbs of fuel to get here, to tell you to use wind power. You've never seen them sailing up in a canoe."

Not all detractors are from the south. Among those mobilizing to keep the monolith in the Living Oceans Society, based in Sorrento, a fishing village and former whaling community off the north end of Vancouver Island: "Why do we have to look at this being a process?" asks executive director Jennifer Lath, who also speaks for an alliance of about 60 other conservation, labour and aboriginal groups opposed to offshore development. "It's not an oil spill, while going to jeopardize fishing. We're going to jeopardize tourism. We can't take those other end areas at risk."

In the soft evening light, John Helin of the Tsimshian community of Lax Kw'alaams, about 35 km north of Prince Rupert, rodes his gleaming Freedon Rider. Helin has fished in the region for more than 46 years; this season began dramatically as mid-June with the announcement of a 25-per-cent cut in the allowable catch for Skeena River sockeye. Unemployment in his village is as high as 90 per cent, he says, and the future of the fishery

A TOWN'S CRUEL TRICKS OF FATE

To say that Prince Rupert was born under a cloud is not literally and metaphorically accurate. The city clocks a dreary annual average of 6,123 dimmed lights. "It's officially Canada's darkest place," says the Encyclopedia of British Columbia. Mer is it. Every blizzard has a look.

Consider the fate of city founder Charles Hays, a man with grand vision and a terrible travel agent. Hays, the head-driving president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is both credited and blamed for paving through Canada's second

transcontinental railway. In 1910, it precariously took Tuck Inlet as the railway's Pacific terminus, on the strength of its magnificent all-season harbour, about a day closer by ship to Asia than other West Coast ports. He planned a city of 50,000, renamed Prince Rupert, rivalling the southern part of Vancouver.

Deuter landscape architects designed a model community. Hays committed renewed attention to Hays' Pettersens, creator of Victoria's legislative buildings and its Empress Hotel. He built a grand hotel and passenger terminal. By 1914, a growing city of 6,000 prepared for the first transcontinental trials and the promised "ships of the East,"

Krasel says Prince Rupert is a "diamond in the rough."

the monolith. Guajape means "feet well, in my upturn. We can talk about anything, but our position right now is, let's sort out the jurisdiction, let's make sure the environmental issues are all taken care of."

The range of jurisdictional disputes has also kept one of the key holders of exploration rights from pushing for a transboundary review; let alone bridging multi-million-dollar off-shore drilling programs. "We need to see some assessment from the government," says Lordel Potts, a Calgary-based spokeswoman for Chevron Canada Resources, which holds rights to 4.8 million hectares of seabed in the Heceta Strait. "We expect that would be a lengthy process."

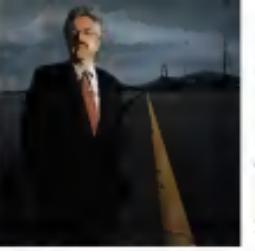
Yet the people on the coast seem a bit change in political attitudes. Campbell has started the debate provincially. And Prime Minister Jean Chretien has shown enthusiasm for updating Canadian exports to meet the energy demands of George W. Bush's shiny U.S. administration. Should, one day, the glorious sun-maze power account, offshore drilling would become the province's second-largest industry after tourism. Whether the two can coexist is one of the calculated risks. It is a delicate, then, about British Columbia's future. And it starts now. ■

Interim with oil and gas?"

Hays failed to England in search of investor funds, a voyage that went unfortunately but for his choice of return vessel—a liner named Titanic. The local newspaper published a "Titanic Edition" on April 15, 1912. "Twenty-three hundred and forty-eight lost. May's name is among missing." It is perhaps telling that the story was reported in The Daily News, a paper that had previously changed its name from The Prince Rupert Standard.

The railway was completed in 1914, but celebrations were pre-empted by the First World War. By 1919, the Grand Trunk was bankrupt and merged into the Canadian National Railway. They have now "gotten behind" about the future. "There are so many things that say Prince Rupert is going to beat with open arms."

KJM



FREE AT LAST

BY DEBORAH NOBES in Moncton

The heat in the tiny upstairs room has like something wild, wriggling around him and sucking at his lungs. The room is crowded with furniture, an old refrigerator, stacks of boxes, and a single bed neatly made with a ratty yellow spread. Despite the heat, Felix Michaud spends hours here, sitting in a low chair next to the window with the shade drawn, smoking Export "A" cigarettes. In some ways, he feels as trapped as he did during the year he lived behind bars for a murder he always insisted he didn't commit. He was finally released from prison on May 29 when a Court of Queen's Bench justice threw out the Crown's main evidence against him. "I know they should investigate what happened," Michaud says in a thick French accent that reveals his northern New Brunswick roots. "Why did they do that to me? Why? I have nothing. My room is no larger than this cell. I was living in for the last nine years. It's hot as hell. I just sit in there and boil."

Alex having his feet propped on the front page of local newspapers and on TV, Michaud, who will soon turn 56, is wallowing in his Moncton, N.B., rooming house, but he hates the place and his plans to move out. He has found work on a paving crew for the summer, but hopes to get a job driving long-haul trucks and move to the country where he can hunt and fish and begin his life again. "I want to settle down. Find a woman, have kids if she wants to," he says. "Normal

Now the New Brunswick native just wants to get on with his life



stuff. I have a lot of love to give. That's all I want to do."

Things began to unravel for Michaud in July 1992. He had been living with his common-law wife, Suzanne Oakes, and their four-year-old daughter, Cindy, in the tiny village of Clare, N.B. The young family lived at the edge of poverty, their welfare cheque supplemented by under-the-table work, digging gravel roads and payments for smuggling tobacco across the Saint John River from Maine. An elderly cousin of Oakes', Rose Gagné, helped when the couple, buying clothes and gifts for Cindy. Uncle Gagné's death in a house fire on Dec. 4, 1991, Michaud recalled her famous picking up her arguments and doing good work.

After a brief investigation, New Brunswick RCMP regarded Gagné's death as an accident. But then a local small-time criminal, Marc-Albert, began telling friends the 73-year-old woman was raped and strangled and the fire deliberately set to hide the evidence. Police assumed their investigation—with startling conclusion: An arson investigator found the fire had indeed been intentionally set. And a pathologist who examined the deceased body found Gagné had died before the house burned, but could not pinpoint her cause of death or determine whether she had, in fact, been raped.

Police arrested Albert, who gave three different statements before settling on a version that blamed an accomplice for the murders. In exchange for a

promise to testify, Albert pleaded guilty to robbery and was sentenced to just two years in prison. He told police he and Michaud robbed the house together, but Michaud was responsible for the rest. Police named up nothing else to connect Michaud to the crime, but nearly seven months to the day after Gagné's death, he was charged with first-degree murder.

Since then, Michaud has been a hard road through New Brunswick's judicial system. After Albert testified against him in a 1995 trial, Michaud was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. But upon appeal, the New Brunswick Court of Appeal condemned the trial as unfair, ruling that the Crown prosecutor, Jeannine-Mélanie Boulé, made inflammatory and misleading remarks to the jury when she concluded Michaud was capable of murder because he cheated welfare and smuggled tobacco. The Supreme Court of Canada upheld the lower court's decision to order a new trial. Weeks before it began in September 1996, Albert died and killed himself in the basement of his parents' home. Still, Court of Queen's Bench Justice Alexander Dushnitsky allowed the trial to go ahead, and transcripts of Albert's testimony from the first trial were read to the jury. Michaud was convicted yet again and sentenced to life in prison.

Because he denied any guilt, he wasn't eligible to take part in any prison rehabilitation programs, including therapy. Instead, Michaud worked as a prison mechanic, cleaning snow from the yards in winter, planting flowers and raking grass in the summer. He bounced from federal institutions in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to provincial mental centres, always trying to maintain hope he would be released. But the wait took its toll, as he suffered bouts of anxiety and depression. "He lost all gumption to fight," says one of his lawyers, Gilles Lemire. "But even then, he was an activist. His ships been driven by the belief that something, somewhere would vindicate him."

Finally, in February 2000, the New Brunswick Court of Appeal quashed the second conviction and ordered a new trial based on a mistake in the lower court judge's charge to the jury. Before the third trial was to begin, Michaud's defense team requested a new disclosure file from the Crown. Instead of the 250 pages of evidence that had been handed over in the two previous trials, the prosecution whaled in a dolly bearing several boxes containing 2,500 pages of witness transcripts and police notes. They contained crucial evidence that, had it been given to his first lawyers, might have resulted in Michaud being acquitted. This included transcripts of two separate conversations in which Albert and Michaud were not a person "who would think of doing something like that." The trials also included a confession note written by the chief investigating officer, Bathurst RCMP Corp. Roland Saureau, documenting a conversation between himself and Morris-Boulé. The note, from November 1992, and the witness transcripts should not be used at trial. "She is of the opinion that it would be useless to allow any of it, being merely beneficial to the accused," Saureau wrote.

The convicted Justice Roxie McRae, the prosecutor, was "grossly negligent" when it failed to disclose the transcripts to the defense in the first two trials, and he ordered the exclusion of all of Albert's testimony at the pending trial. The Crown admitted it had an ace and stayed the murder charge against Michaud (the Crown has a year to reissue the charge). He walked out of jail the same day with a cheque for \$47—carrying from his inmate account.

Michaud is now coping with life on the outside. His lawyers are pushing for compensation as soon as his year behind bars. But Michaud isn't sure any amount of money would make up for his loss. His wife has moved on. She has full custody of his daughter, who is now a teenager. Michaud himself is more fearful. "You know how when you go to the swimming pool in the summertime and you stick your toe in to see if you can swim?" says Lemire. "Felix is sticking his toe into society, because he's lost his sense about what to do."

But why, asks Felix Michaud, did he spend nine years in jail for a crime he didn't commit?

A Premier Performance



HARRIS STUCK TO THE PARTY LINE— BUDGET CUTS POSED NO HAZARD

After eight months and 107 hearings, the inquiry into the province's tainted-water scandal at Walkerton, Ont., finally reached its anticipated closure—or more like an anti-climax. In his testimony last week, Premier Mike Harris simply reiterated what he's said before: that neither he nor his cabinet were ever warned that budget cuts to the environmental ministry posed any risk to public health. Still, instead of just powing with separation of masking speeches in the Ontario legislature, Harris had to visit the rural Ontario community where seven people died and more than 2,000 fell ill after drinking water tainted with *E. coli* O157:H7 in May, 2000. Then, after racking a gauntlet of pressu-

ers—at least 50 police officers were on hand to help him do so—he swore on a Bible to tell the truth. And with that, Harris stepped into the history books as the first Ontario premier in over 35 years to testify before a judicial inquiry. (The last to face one was George Drew in 1945, testifying about the OPP's pursuit of suspected Communists.)

The often combative Harris was subdued during his six hours on the stand, but his words still carried a punch. He said that when the Conservatives came to power in 1995, they felt their most immediate concern was reducing the province's \$10.6-billion deficit. As part of its downsizing program, the government cut more than \$200 million from the

*Passing a string of
proposals on the way into
the Walkerton inquiry*

environment ministry's budget and slashed 750 jobs, including many frontline inspectors. But, Harris clarified, senior ministry officials and the minister in charge were convinced the cuts were safe. "If we felt there was any risk and it had been brought to my attention," he added, "we would not have proceeded."

Inquiry lawyer Paul Condino was skeptical, reminding Harris of the mound of evidence to the contrary. "We've got documentation upon document upon document of increased risk to health and safety," he declared.

It was a rough week for Harris all around. Despite his four appearances to support the byelection campaign of fledgling Tory candidate Joyce Fratriglio, she lost badly to Liberal Greg Sorbara, receiving just 12,183 votes to his 21,954. While governments are traditionally not usually concerned by such meadow defeats, political analysts say this loss was significant. The Vaughan/King/Aurora riding, held by popular cabinet minister Al Paladino until his death in March, is part of the so-called 905 belt that stood solidly Tory in the past two provincial elections. There was another come late week that the Conservatives may be losing their stronghold on Ontario. An Ipsos-Reid poll put their support at just 35 per cent, compared with 39 per cent for Dalton McGuinty's Liberals.

Barbara Wicksen

Did the Ontario Tories turn their backs on public safety?

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WHEN GIRLS RULED

BY BRIAN BERGMAN in Edmonton

Seventy-one years after the team officially disbanded, the matriarchs of the Edmonton Grads—perhaps the most successful squad in the history of Canadian sport—are growing precariously thin. But “the girls,” as the 11 surviving basket-ball players still refer to themselves even though they are all more than 80 years old, remain the last of friends. “When we get together, you can get a word in edgewise,” Margaret Vaillancourt, 92, told *Maclean’s* during a recent interview in the sitting lounge of her senior residence in Edmonton. As it so often is the case, Vaillancourt and her former teammate Edith Sutton (who declines to give her age, saying “it is simply not spoken about”) spent the next three hours interviewing, finishing each other’s sentences and gleefully chipping off on rhetorical tangents, leaving their interviewer panting to keep up.

Far enough these “girls” have earned the right to talk—and to be heeded. Together, the pair spent 16 years as members of the fabled Grads. From 1935 to 1949, the Grads dominated women’s basketball, capturing the imagination of a continent by winning all but 16 of their 527 games. And from 1933 through 1940, they reigned in Canada, North America and world dominion. The stars who travelled to the Olympics four times, winning all 27 demonstration games it played against international foes. Among the Grads’ many admirers was James Naismith, the inventor of basketball, who



Today’s grannies are just girls, “very” Vaillancourt (seated) and Sutton

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THE BEST-RUN E-BUSINESSES RUN SAP

arm, the Canadian who invented basketball in 1891. After watching the Edmonton squad handily defeat the Oldsmar Red Birds in a 1925 matchup, Nasenoff declared the Grads "the greatest team that ever stepped on a basketball floor."

The Edmonton Grads were the brain-child of Percy Page, a mild-mannered educator who coached the team throughout its 25-year existence. The amateur team was made up of graduates and students of Edmonton's McDougall Commercial High School (now John A. Macdonald Public School) where Page served as principal. They were unpaid and unremunerated, and most worked full-time at clerical or teaching jobs. "Mr. Page"—as the surviving Grads, to this day, refer to him—was a strict, if low-key, disciplinarian who stressed the basics: shooting, passing, top physical condition and an abstemious lifestyle that mirrored his own. "We had to be clean and neat," recalls Sutton, who also lives in Edmonton. "Our shoes had to be white and even off the court we had to be well-dressed." Adds Vatherine: "Mr. Page wanted us to be ladies first and basketball players after that."

Nevertheless, the Grads were, in their own way, trailblazers for women's equality. The men helped legitimate a shift in women's basketball from "girls' rules"—designed to avoid out-exercising the players' "delicate" frames—to those played by men. The latter allowed for a wide-open game, with more running and shooting and five players to a side rather than six. Perhaps as a result, ugly rumors surfaced in some quarters: "It was said that playing would make us sterile," says Sutton. "If we were lucky enough to have a baby, it would only be a girl. Well, I have cancer and all the dead before we were 40." Sutton smiles tightly at the ponderous but honest notion. "As you can see," she says, "that's hardly the case."

Winter campaign notwithstanding, the Grads more commonly enjoyed unseasonable adulthood. At their peak, hometown game crowds numbered more than 6,000—despite a time when Edmonton's population hovered around 90,000—and

team members could not go anywhere in the city without being recognized. Typically, thousands of fans crowded the local railway station whenever the team left on one of its road tours; when it returned, always in triumph, similar throngs turned out.

Late on the road, as on the court, was discussed by Page. The players travelled as a group, had no discretionary income with which to socialize and were discouraged from dating. Page, who served as Alberta's lieutenant-governor from 1959 to 1966, passed away in 1973, but still exerts influence on his former charges from be-

and about that roadhouse? "Nothing," replies Sutton. "Never mind."

The social life may remains forever a mystery, but the Grads' exploits on the court are well-documented. They travelled 200,000 km in search of the world's best teams, and beat them all—often winning some of their games against men's teams. Their secret was stamina and fast-paced-and-shoot play; many of the Grads' legendary long-game stages come when their opponents were exhausted by the pace the Edmonton players set. "We never practiced dribbling," says Sutton. "Dribbling slows the game. It's an individual, look-at-me kind of playing—hitting the ball while there's someone over there screaming for a pass. Team play means passing."

Not surprisingly, the Grads veterans have little good to say about the current state of professional basketball. "Today, basketball is just glam," says Vatherine. "You go to these games and they have these dancing girls and music. I can't imagine Mr. Page ever hiring a dancing girl," Sutton is even more blunt. "In our day, there weren't these morning, noon, and night, coast-flapping coaches running up and down the sidelines telling players what to do," she says. "They should make those guys sit down on the bench and be quiet."

The Edmonton Grads disbanded in 1940. The outbreak of the Second World War placed severe restrictions on foreign travel and the Royal Canadian Air Force took over the Edmonton Arena, where the team had regularly double-billed its acts. Most of the 38 women who played for the Grads between 1915 and 1940 subsequently married, raised children, pursued careers and settled into communities across Canada. But they always stayed in touch—through letters, phone calls, remembrance and, most recently, forums for descendants. Though their numbers are dwindling, the legacy of the Grads endures. "How many people enjoy recognition after so many years?" says Sutton rhetorically. "How many have friends that they've kept for so long?"

True words. With the Edmonton Grads, that's what it was always about. ■

THE GREATEST TEAM THAT EVER STEPPED' ON A COURT



The Grads in 1921, when they dominated women's basketball

said the grise Sutton confides that she met her future husband, then secretary of the Manitoba basketball association, while on a road trip with the Grads. "You weren't supposed to do that—go out with boys," she says. "I did something I wasn't supposed to." Sutton's voice is suffused with a mixture of mischief and pride. She then turns to talk about "the girls" going to a roadshow that the guys who were same-sexed studied by the sororities when Vatherine sharply interjects.

"You're putting it in her hands now," warns Vatherine. "He'll be waiting down Mr. Page from up high will be looking down at you." "I wasn't the only one," groans Sutton. "Others were there, too."

"I could tell you something, too," says Vatherine, "but I'm sharing my mouth. I'm not saying a word. Think of Mr. Page!"



Mary Janigan

Penalizing success

For decades, Ottawa Douglas Clark was probably the only person in the nation who grasped the intricacies of equalization. In the early 1970s, to minister the formula, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau asked the finance department para for a cabinet briefing on how Ottawa calculated its transfer to the have-not provinces. With no legislative agenda, the indispensable Clark graciously allowed that he had a minute game—but could probably cancel it. His wife was largely wasted: “The prime minister understood things,” Clark, now retired, recalls. “It’s hard to say about the cabinet.”

Today, although there are still pools of specialists in Ottawa and provincial capitals, equalization remains an obscure art. But the formula’s complexity is working against the very priorities it was designed to help. For instance, Nova Scotia Premier John Hines has argued that the program does not provide sufficient incentive for disadvantaged provinces to develop their non-renewable resources. Instead, transfers to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia are reduced by 70 to 90 cents for every dollar of provincial revenue. In desperation, Hines has reached out to other energy-producing provinces such as Alberta, forging a common front to advocate change. It’s hard to rally support in such alyspective triangle. And that’s a pity—because change may be the only way to help Atlantic Canada help itself. “Equalization was designed for economies in decline,” says Brian Lee Crowley, president of the Atlantic Institute for Market Studies. “It can’t accommodate economies that are experiencing growth. That is the dark side of equalization.”

The program, which will cost an estimated \$3.66 billion in 2000-2002, allows the seven poorer provincial governments to provide similar levels of service while keeping roughly similar levels of taxation. To calculate the payout, officials work out the average national rate for 33 uses, such as personal income taxes. Then they figure out the average amount that each of those taxes could raise, and Ottawa covers any overall deficiency in a given province. (Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia do not receive 15¢ an acremeasured houses, expert rates twice a year under their 60-page plan on tax changes. Ottawa has transferred \$180 billion since 1957—but the dependency rate has scarcely budged. Newfoundland raised only 64.5 per cent of its own rev-

erse in 2000-2001, barely up from 62 per cent in 1972-1973.

Now, at least two of the provinces have a chance to escape the cycle. Both Newfoundland and Nova Scotia have large offshore oil and gas reserves. But Ottawa includes 70 per cent of their oil and gas royalties when it does its equalization arithmetic. That means that 70 per cent of these royalties are deducted from the transfer. The formula’s deductions are even higher for royalties from non-renewable mineral resources: about 90 per cent of those revenues are deducted from transfers. Provincial governments respond to such perverse signals by concentrating on short-term job-creation schemes instead of maximizing the amount that companies pay for non-renewable resources. After all, when royalties reduce transfers, there is more political and perhaps more economic advantage in job schemes. Newfoundland’s negotiations with Inco Ltd over the building of a multibillion-dollar nickel mine in Voisey’s Bay founders mainly because the firm would not build a sufficiently large job-creating venture near the site.

Then are solutions. Alberta public policy economist Ken Boessenkool has suggested that Ottawa remove the 11 taxes on oil and gas and mineral resources from the 33-tax base. That way, tax revenues from these resources would not be deducted from the transfer. Yet the transfers would gradually decrease as revenues from other sources, like personal income taxes, rise in the province because higher oil would not mean Ottawa’s oilfield payments to Atlantic Canada would drop slightly.

Ottawa’s response is cool. Finance Minister Paul Martin says other provinces would never agree. Newfoundland, for one, would want to exempt revenue from the renewable pulp and paper industry. He prefers to target grants to specific problems. That may be political realism—the formula is set up for renewal until 2004—but it keeps encouraging dysfunctional behaviour such as Voisey’s Bay. Meanwhile, Nova Scotia managing adviser Roland Martin notes, Atlantic Canadian growth rates are high—but the tax rates are also high. Approaches such as Alberta can take, the alliance of missing may become irresistible—unless there’s a homegrown resource boom. “The formula should be changed to promote and keep more revenue which they could spend on sustainable growth,” he says. It’s time to stop penalizing success.

With resource wealth,
Ottawa’s equalization
program needs a rethink



Offshore oil rig in Newfoundland

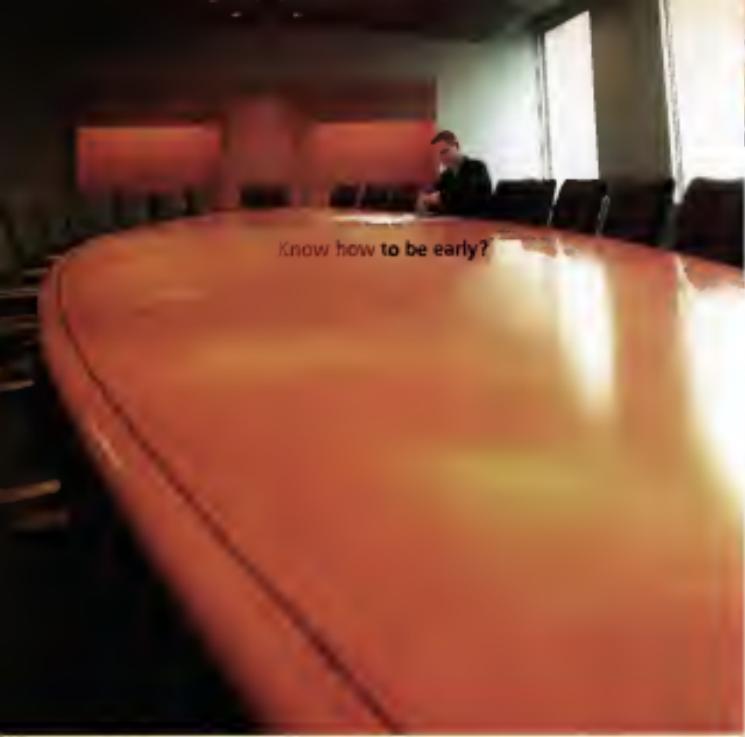
Edmonton 2001
8th IAAF
World Championships
in Athletics

Edmonton Welcomes the World.

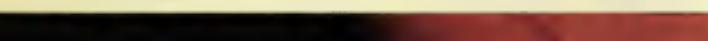
The people of Edmonton know all about big-time sporting events. After all, their city has hosted the Commonwealth Games, The World University Games, The World Figure Skating Championships and a handful of Grey Cups. And thanks to a guy named Wayne Gretzky, they have had their fair share of Stanley Cup celebrations. Nevertheless, even with this impressive resume, they are about to hop, skip and jump into uncharted territory.

From August 3rd through to August 12th, Edmonton will host the 8th International Amateur Athletics Federation World Championships in Athletics. It is the first time the prestigious track and field event has been held in North America and altogether more than 3,000 athletes, coaches and officials from more than 200 countries will be converging in the Alberta capital to compete in 24 men's and 22 women's athletic events. Recording the joy and drama will be an additional 2,500 members of the media. After the Summer Olympics and the World Cup of Soccer, the IAAF World Championships in Athletics is the largest sporting event in the world with four billion viewers expected to tune into the action over the 10-day event.

“It is an enormous undertaking,” admits Rick LeLacheur, President and CEO of the Edmonton 2001 Championships. “But I think we are up to the challenge.” The total budget for the event is \$25 million, which will be underwritten by three levels of government, the event’s sponsors and suppliers and through ticket sales. The events will be held at Commonwealth Stadium, which has undergone a \$22 million renovation.



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An event of this magnitude would not be possible without an army of volunteers. Fortunately, one of Edmonton's nicknames is "Volunteer City." In the very first week when the call went out for help, 7,000 items were compiled and returned. Altogether, 5,000 Edmontonians have volunteered to fill up 200 different job descriptions, everything from staffing envelopes and preparing food, to acting as interpreters and driving athletes and officials to and from events.



An aerial view of Commonwealth Stadium in Edmonton.

Another 4,000 volunteers, including a mass choir of 1,000 voices, have come forward to participate in what promises to be the most spectacular Opening and Closing Ceremonies ever held in Canada. Although the final plans for both ceremonies are going to be kept as a surprise, they will include dynamic dance and high profile production numbers. The fun will continue at The World's™ Plaza, which will be located in the heart of downtown Edmonton at Churchill Square. The World's™ will be a family oriented venue, a mix of five interactive exhibits, live entertainment and gift trading. Only, on the 500' TELUS Stage, local and international entertainers will be performing throughout the day and evening. In addition, at the sprint cage, aspiring track stars will be able to lace up a pair of Athlete running shoes and blast out of the blocks and down the 50-metre track. The Soho Times, the same kind used at Commonwealth Stadium, will flash out the times.

Although the last-minute details of the Opening and Closing Ceremonies are still under wraps, the news that the men's marathon is being run in conjunction with the Opening Ceremony is already making headlines. Usually, this marquee event is held at the end of competition so the stands are only half filled when the runners enter the stadium and break for the Great Hall. This time though, just as the



Official mascots, Tracker and Fieldie, promoting the World Championships in Athletics.

Opening Ceremonies are winding down, the marathon runners are scheduled to enter the stadium, with queso leaps to their feet, cheering on the dash for gold.

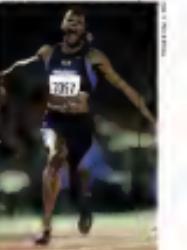
The 42-km marathon route features 14 curves, smooth topography and stunning cityscapes. It kicks off at Commonwealth Stadium in the east end of Edmonton and then loops to the west side of the city before returning to the stadium. Along the way, it will run through suburban streets and urban parkland, a lush green stretch of river valley and past the continent's largest shopping mall. It will even roll past the spectacular waterfall that flows off the high level bridge and into the North Saskatchewan River.

Marco Brava, a Technical Delegate for the IAAF, has inspected the course and is full of praise for the route. Brava feels that the beautiful background may give the runners a psychological lift. "The marathon runners need their minds very, very clear on what they're doing," said Brava. "Good scenery helps very much. It's fresh for the mind and body."

Star Turns

When Marion Jones announced that her goal was to become the first female track athlete to win five gold medals at the Summer Olympics, nobody doubted that Jones would at least come close. After all, going into the Sydney Games, she

Marion Jones's seven gold medals at the Sydney Olympics





EDMONTON 2001

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN ATHLETICS

won every event she entered at the U.S. Olympic trials and earlier. In her career had shown her prowess as an all-around athlete.

As a high school senior, she was named California Division I basketball player of the year and in her first year in college, she helped California State to an NCAA Basketball Championship. In the end, Jones still won three Olympic golds in the sprints, 100m and 200m events and two bronzes in the long jump and 4x100m. Through out the Games, she also captured hearts and headlines with her ready smile and good-naturedness. The 25 year old, who now lives in Apex, N.C., made the trip to Edmonton at the end of May to check out the city and the facilities. She gave both places a big thumbs up and is looking forward to going for gold in Canada.

The tag of "world's fastest man" traditionally goes to the runner who is the current world record holder in the 100-metre dash. It is one of the most sought after titles in all of sports and past holders include Canadians Percy Williams, Harry Jerome and Donovan Bailey. The current king is American Maurice Greene who has dashed the dash to an amazing 9.79 seconds. Greene is also the proud owner of two gold medals from the Sydney Olympics and is a two-time

Over the last quarter century, on the men's side, the Kenyans have dominated almost every distance from the 1,500 metres to the marathons. However, in Edmonton, one of their main challengers will come from Hicham El Guerrouj of Morocco. The chameleonic El Guerrouj holds the world records in both the mile and the 1,500 metres, and earlier this year, ran a spectacular 3:46.89. In Oregon, the final outdoor mile ever recorded in the United States. Despite the records, the Moroccan, who is a national hero at home — the equivalent of Wayne Gretzky in Canada — feels like he has friends to make to his countrymen. In 1996, at the Atlanta Olympics, El Guerrouj fell in the 15th race of the 1,500 and missed the medals. At the 2000 Games in Sydney the Moroccan star finished second to Kenya's Noah Iguru but the pressure to win gold was so strong that it brought El Guerrouj, worn on television and apologetic to all of Morocco for his silver medal performance.

The whiz kid to watch for at these Championships is Alan Webb, an 18 year old high school senior from Weston, Fla., who, over the last six months, has smashed some of the clearest records in American track. In January, at the New Balance Games, Webb ran off a 2:09.06, becoming the first high school miler ever to go sub-four indoors. Two months later, he lined up with an international field of world-class runners at the Prefontaine Classic in Eugene, Ore., and annihilated the crowd with a final lap kick of 55.3 seconds and a final time of 3:53.43. His time eclipsed Jim Ryun's 36-year-old high school record by almost two seconds and it was the fastest mile by any American since 1996. After his run in Oregon, Webb stayed behind and signed autographs for two hours. Look for him to engender the same kind of enthusiasm in Edmonton.

Canada too has a number of stars that are set to shine in Edmonton. High jumper Mark Boswell is one of the country's most accomplished athletes in any sport. In 1996, he became the only Canadian to ever win a gold medal at the World Junior Championships and in 1999, he took gold again at the Pan American Games. In that same year at the World Championships in Seville, Spain, Boswell established a new Canadian record of 2.35 metres and won the silver medal. He was just as impressive



World 200 metres champion. To prove that he's not all about brows, Greene recently appeared on the hit game show Who Wants to Be a Millionaire where he won \$25,000, half of which he donated to the United Negro College Fund. Greene joined Marion Jones on her recent scuffling trip to Edmonton and he too was very pleased with what he saw.

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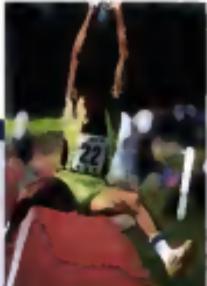
Canada



during his college days in the United States where he captured six consecutive high jump titles and four consecutive NCAA championships. Ironically, when Boswell was growing up in Laval, high jump was the one event he was reluctant to attempt because his school had no landing mats.



Another Canadian who showed tremendous potential as a junior athlete is 1,500-metre runner Kevin Sullivan. In 1995, the Brantford, Ont., native earned a bronze medal at the World Junior Championships in Seoul, South Korea. Two years later, he was the No. 1 ranked junior miler in the world and was a silver medalist at the Commonwealth Games. Sullivan, who has recently graduated with an engineering degree from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, proved that he belonged with the big boys by finishing fifth in the 1,500 metres at the Sydney Olympics. Earlier this year, he reinforced his reputation as one of the world's top millers by clocking a sensational 3:51.82 and finishing second in a race to Michael O. Guernsey. In the 800-metre race, Sullivan will help coach a University of Michigan track team that will include ten Canadians: Alan Webb.



TICKET SALES FOR THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Pick a Package

Ticket sales for the World Championships have been brisk, however, there are still some single seats and packages available. According to Rick Lefebvre, the Edmonton organizers had two major allies when scheduling the events and planning the ticket packages. "We had a goal of making this affordable for anyone who wants to see it. We think we've done that," he says. They have also balanced the events so that the world's best athletes will be competing in finals for gold medals on every single day of the competition. The team from Edmonton was also able to get the IAAF to make the 4x100-metre relay the last race run at the Championships. "Donovan Bailey has announced this retirement for later this year and we wanted to give him and the rest of the relay team a chance to finish off the Championships on a high note," says Lefebvre.

The ticket packages include: The 10-day SUPER Pack, which features guaranteed seating, spans the majority of the Opening Ceremony, the celebration of the Closing Ceremony and every moment in between. (\$490 to \$660)

The 6-day LAUNCH Pack encompasses the Opening Ceremony and afternoon and evening sessions on days 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7, plus the morning sessions on days 2, 4 and 5. This package also allows you to purchase a ticket for the men's 200-metre final in the afternoon of day 5. (\$90 to \$450)

The 3-Day FINALE Pack includes the Closing Ceremony celebration and spans days 6, 9 and 10 of the competition. This package also allows you the opportunity to buy a ticket for the men's 200-metre final. (\$90 to \$450)

It is important to note that all of the prices include all taxes and taxes and complimentary use of the Edmonton Transit System to and from Commonwealth Stadium. The range of prices in the packages are based on location of seating within Commonwealth Stadium. For more information about the World™, including how to purchase tickets, log on to www.2001.edmonton.ca and click on Ticket packages, pricing & seating map. Click through to competition timetable for a detailed schedule of events. To purchase tickets over the phone, contact Ticketmaster at 1-877-240-2001.

Fans planning to visit Edmonton for the World Championships in Athletics will have to细心 in booking accommodations during the 10-day event. The local organizing committee has contracted Advance Group in Vancouver to handle all hotel bookings. They can be reached by e-mail at hotels@advance-group.com



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The hot West African sun is baking the Sierra Leone village of Koinadega. A man bathed in sweat and carrying a bullock's pedals pedals down on his bicycle, urging villagers to attend a midday moon soccer match between the home-town Black Star and the visiting Nigerian Stars from Benin, about 45 km away. In a dusty courtyard, while they wait for the game to begin, Nigerian coach Rudy Counter, 35, is trying to explain why his team came to be

For USDA FOIA Staff in Kansas

It was 1994, Coonan stills, when "a white man came to Bo with funds to help develop the town. He beat up a ranger, for one thing. I can still see his face and his ponytail tall and lanky. He was from Canada and his name was Mr. Nepean. Or his village was called Nepean, I am not sure. However, in these days, we changed the village name from the Bo All Stars to Nepean Stars. We hoped Mr. Nepean would appreciate this and help us develop the village."

That hope evaporated a few months after when war broke out and the Canadians left the country in their fight against government, which of the Revolutionaries United Front looted and burned villages, raped women and randomly cut off arms and legs of children to further incite the population. In 1997, the rebels released Bo Coorabar signs all the inhabitants, including the Nepean State, ran to the bush to seek the protection of the mafias, a warlike tribe believed to possess magical powers that make them

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Canada and the World

CANADA'S TEAM

A soccer squad honours a mysterious Canadian who aided an African town



Marlana's July 4, 2001 20

Canada and the World

invincible, and thus feared by the rebels.

Eventually, the Kamwina joined forces with Nigerian UN peacekeepers and chased the rebels out of Bo. After a week, the people returned to their homes, grateful for the presence of the Kamwina who remain in charge of Bo's security. UN troops have since driven the rebels north, and reopened Sierra Leone's only highway, ending their virtual isolation from much of the nation. And although the rebels still control three-quarters of the country, soccer supporters are organizing so-called national competitions.

Many clubs did not survive the war. Some gave up when their players were either killed or scattered through refugee camps all over West Africa. But even during the darkest days, Coombes says, the Nepent Stars kept playing, under a banner bearing a hand-painted Canadian flag. "Even if Mr. Nepent never came back, we'd hold on to his name," the coach says. "We like it, even if few here know how to spell it correctly." The team has kept its place among the First Division teams, players driven of advancing to the Premier League or perhaps being discovered by a scout for a European team. "It is very important that they have this dream," says Coombes. "In a country like Sierra Leone, it is even dangerous not to dream because it is likely that drivers bring in the rebels."

To keep the dream alive, the Stars usually practice for four hours a day at a barren playing field on the outskirts of Bo. In sun-blended, well-worn shirts, they run for eight kilometers around the field, sweating up dust clouds as aching children watch. The team has no goalposts or nets, just bamboo poles, and only two practice balls that lose their last leather each time they're kicked. A few of the players own cheap sandals or thonglike sneakers, but most practice in bare feet. "We have to use our hearts for soccer," Coombes says. "We have 11 pairs and no pants."

On the day of the dream in Kenema,

Coombes discovers one of the pair of boom box lost in last mad. He carries Bo for a second-hand pair, but no one can help Coombes raise money to feed the team before the game, but has to spend it on gas for the Land Rovers they've borrowed for the journey. "We often go without food," says a midfielder whose name is Confidence. "We then save energy by sleeping a lot."

All 18 players chosen for the Kenema match try to pile into the Land Rover, but

someone often finds them a job, so be a fighting force. They wage, because they've nothing decent to do." His job, Coombes says, is to help the boys nourish their hopes. "They are rebel fighters," he says. "I must make them proud of themselves, so they don't feel the need to harm others." The team raise money from time to time, Coombes, a former First Division player himself, gives the players allowances to help pay school fees. "But mind you, the Nepent Stars is not an aid organization," he insists. "It's a professional soccer team fighting for a place in the Premier League, and we have no place for losers. Only the very talented make it through the selection."

Before the game, the Nepent Stars gather in the heat of the Kenema courtyard. Children and adolescents sweep aside to make room for the team equipment, which is shaken free from an old bus onto the ground. There are no personal outfit—players pile through the pile for shirts, shorts and boots. Piles of cardboard are stacked on top—“We’re saving up for that promotion,” explains the goalkeeper.

The team march onto the field two hours before sunset. By now, it’s cool enough for players and spectators (admission fee 40 cents) to avoid being roasted by the sun, but still early enough for the game to finish before dark—which it must because the lights don’t work. The Nepent Stars win 1-0. After paying the referee, the parkkeepers and security personnel, the players pocket a small profit. The Stars arrive back in Bo minutes before the midnight curfew. “Seven o’clock tomorrow morning, practice,” Coombes says before he goes home to his wife and three children.

And so they continue to practice, four hours a day, under the West African sun. But a week later, there is bad news. The Nepent Stars failed to raise enough money to cover their travel expenses, and so could not qualify for the Premier League. “Some of the boys are so disappointed, they are considering giving up,” Coombes says. “With the grace of God, it would be very lonely if I could convince them to hang in there. We will make it, you know. Next year, we will make the Canadian flag fly over the national stadium” in honor of the robbery man named Nepent—or from the town named Nepent. ■



Coombes (left) and the Nepent Stars dream of winning soccer titles—or perhaps being discovered by a European club.



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BACK IN THE FAST LANE

By CHRIS WOOD

Lots of companies have their own culture. Microsoft has something very like its own language—paraphrases, jargon, buzz words, portmanteau posturing, and the like. At executive briefings for journalists and corporate customers, phrases like “rich experience,” “on-the-fly,” “extending the desktop,” and “going forward” pop up as often as that (nowhere without unprinted paper clip embedded in Microsoft’s most popular paper clip) embedded in Microsoft’s most popular paper clip. In an interview, the Canadian product manager for Windows, Erik Mall, asked whether Microsoft had spoken to a certain person. Or as Mall put it: “Is that who you were interfacing with?”

We may as well get used to the lingo. Just over a year after a U.S. judge found Microsoft to be a predatory monopoly, an appeals court has now overruled his order that the company be broken up. The decision leaves the Redmond, Wash.-based software giant not only intact but untangling new products that hopefully replace many of the same tools the original court tried to root. In their unanimous decision, a panel of U.S. Court of Appeals judges did not dispute trial judge Thomas Penfield Jackson’s findings that Microsoft used illegal means to extend its effective monopoly of the personal computer operating system and other areas. But the appeal judges directed Jackson for failing to determine and displaying “the appearance of partiality,” and sent his break-up order back to the lower court for reconsideration—by another judge.

The ruling supported hardly anyone, certainly not Microsoft. Founder Bill Gates and CEO



FLUSH WITH A BIG COURT VICTORY, MICROSOFT IS OUT TO EXTEND ITS DOMINANCE

Steve Ballmer have insisted often and loudly in the last year that the company would never be split up. Asked recently whether anything—anything at all—might derail the Microsoft express, the ebullient Ballmer boasted our an immediate “No.”

Well, maybe something. In the next beat Ballmer adds: “We could screw up.”

Despite its legal victory, Microsoft has seen its world change in the past year. Personal computer sales have fallen for the first time in history. Many businesses, hit by the market collapse in technology stocks, are going down on new software investment. Consumers and corporations alike may be spending more time on the Internet, but they are more often using devices (like hand-held units) that don’t operate on Microsoft programs. Meanwhile, software piracy—long a thorn in Microsoft’s side—continues to drain off revenues.

But Microsoft is making back big time. The May 31 launch of a new version of Office—Microsoft’s suite of word-processing, e-mail, calendar and spreadsheet applications—will be followed in October with a new edition of Windows—to flagship PC operating system. Both new products are dubbed “XP” for the sake of their enhanced “experience.” Or it could be for the way both once again eclipses Microsoft’s overwhelming market dominance, to extend the company’s much-into-potentially lucrative new realms.

According to Gates, two benefits underlie company strategy. The first is that people will increasingly forgo desktop hard drives in favor of using programs and keeping files on the Internet (what Gates calls “in the cloud”). The second is that as users migrate to the Net, providers like Microsoft will be able to switch from selling software to rentals. “That,” Gates says, “is what will benefit the company on.”

With its new Office-XP suite and the coming “XP” version of Windows, Microsoft is trying to hedge the bet. Both contain new features designed to link (or “extord”) desktops to the Web—and bind users even more tightly to Microsoft.

One of the clearest is something called a “Smart Tag.” These little onscreen menus pop up when someone types a phrase that the software can relate to information held in another application, which may be located in same far corner of a corporate network or on the Web. Type “Jane Smith,” for in-

stance, and a Smart Tag might open with a link to Jane’s phone number, e-mail address and buying history, all recorded in your customer database.

Plans to embed the same feature in the newest Windows version can roost months before its official release. In early versions of the software, someone who used Windows XP to surf the Web found tags with words it pages they viewed (agged Smart Tags with a hidden corporate logo). “It could be at Qualcomm.com,” says Michael Silver, an analyst with Gartner Research of Stamford, Conn., “and get a Smart Tag that brings me to MSN Investor. This is an example of Microsoft using dominance in their desktop operating system to improve business on their Internet properties.” Last week, Microsoft moved to defuse the furor, saying Smart Tags would not be used for exchanges with

Windows XP. Still, Smart Tags remain part of Office XP and, the company said, might be added to Windows in the future.

Other elements of the new Office suite are meant to make it easier for people to work together over the Web. The latest Windows, too, will boast new Web-based features when it debuts Oct. 25. The system will come with snap-up instant messaging—allowing file-sharing and video and audio conferencing between PCs—and Microsoft’s latest digital media player, Windows Media Player. Also included: an Internet firewall and Passport, which lets users create a secure digital identity for online transactions. Such add-ons may please consumers, but could be marketing killers for independent software firms where products do much the same thing. “The third-party developer in Kelowna,” suggests Greg Michaud, an Edmonton-based software consultant and columnist, “will be like the guy who makes blue-pants suits and supplies just for Toyota.”

Both new XP releases also beef up Microsoft’s defenses against software piracy. Purchasers who install either software on their computers must negotiate something called “product activation,” which will match a code they type in against a down load of hardware in the user’s computer (including a central processor and hard drive) to create a digital ID which it sends to Microsoft via the Net. The company may replace an “activation key” that, in effect, resides on the user’s software. Microsoft says it will let each Office purchaser install the same copy on up to two computers. Windows XP buyers will only be



Gates (left) is
hitting big on
Web-friendly
Windows XP
due in October

able to use the product on one machine.

Microsoft badly wants home users from both new XP offerings. Sales of Office account for 37 per cent of its revenue, while Wordless gives it a presence on 92 per cent of the world's PCs. By contrast, Microsoft's foray into handheld computing, Internet services and video games have largely failed to rouse enthusiasm (its oft-delayed X-box game console has cost \$1.5 billion to bring to market, and will only hit store shelves this fall). With so much at stake, Microsoft has turned once again to its dormant market share to help drive up profits from Office in particular. In a recent revamp of its licensing agreements, Microsoft obliged most existing business users of older versions of Office to buy the new XP edition by October—or face sharply higher upgrade costs. "If you're a small business that was upgrading Office every four years," says Chris Le Toog, a Los Altos, Calif.-based industry analyst, "you're going to be paying 70 per cent more than you were before."

Bundled software and relatively leveraged market share were what set off the automatic capture Microsoft had in the first place. But if Microsoft's times haven't changed, the playing field has. In giant AOL Time Warner Inc., a revived IBM Corp., and Net-based heavyweights Oracle Corp. and Sun Microsystems Inc., Microsoft confronts challengers closer to its own size. Technology companies in general have lost the aura of invincibility they boasted in the mid-1990s. And while the world is moving left toward the finding of Microsoft's whangdang, federal and state protection must now decide whether to go back to the lower court to fight for a less severe penalty. Few expect the Republicans in charge in Washington to fight very hard, and Gates suggested a settlement might now be possible.

For Redmond's ever-optimistic techno-leads, the day is clear. "We will prevail," Ballmer says. "We will say one company and continue to deliver tools of empowerment for people and companies." Microsoft, you might say, is going forward, with every intention of mapping a rich experience for itself by extending its desktop into every aspect of online life. The rest of us will simply have to learn to interface.

Golfing via satellite

Those hand-held games that tell you where you are in the world—Global Positioning System units—don't just do for Himalayan mountain climbers, right? True. And now, also, for golfers who want to improve their game. In Omaha, Whole-horn high-tech billionaire Terry Markush (See story in this issue, thanks to the Quantum Internet) has built The Markush, an 18-hole, private golf course set to open next spring. It will have 80 golf carts featuring a GPS system beside the cash swishing columns. As the cart passes a tee, the monitor will display the hole and its hazards. When pulling up to your ball on the fairway, the user, based on signals from the GPS-unit network, will see golden numbers about how far he has to hit, and who has hits it ahead. Tony Dunn, the course's director of golf, says players will be able to use the facilities to order beers, sandwiches, chocolate bars and Cuban cigars, and have them delivered while they're still on the course. "It'll be," says Dunn, "like shopping on the Internet."

Golfing with GPS is taking off in the United States, particularly sunny California, Arizona and Florida. The system can

COOL SITE

Dawn of wireless

Most people don't give a second thought to plugging a wireless cell, but it was a good deal more remarkable for Guglielmo Marconi, standing on Signal Hill in St. John's, Nfld., on Dec. 12, 1901. To mark the 100th anniversary of the first transatlantic signal received from Poldhu, England, the Marconi company has created www.marconicentury.com. The site features rare photographs and a compelling chronology of the birth of wireless.



GPS antenna on earth (left), and hand-held device (right)

speed up play by monitoring players' progress and issuing warnings, allowing more groups to go through and shortening playtime. The Markush will likely be a testing ground for March Networks Corp. and Mind Networks Corp., both controlled by Marbush. In addition to GPS golf carts, the course may offer a similar hand-held device that can be used in tournament play to monitor opponents' scores—and maybe order one of them a celebratory beverage.

In a fog

House alarms can deter burglars, but for the homeowner who wants a little something extra, there's Alarm Fog. Made by Toronto-based security service AlarmForce, the \$300 device creates a whizbang in a large room in about 90 seconds. The secret ingredient is a food additive that company CEO Joel Madan will not divulge but says is non-toxic. When a burglar trips the alarm a few times, and an AlarmForce employee enters the residence to identify himself via a live, two-way voice link, then the smoke starts to blow. In an enclosed space, it takes about an hour for the fog to lift, leaving a light dusting on the furniture. Does it work? "Would you," asks Madan, "in a place where you can't find your way out?"

Douglas Hawryshko and
Luke Fisher



GOLF ON THE EDGE OF THE INTERNET BY HANNAH

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People

Edited by Shonda Deneil

Laughingstock

Janeane Garofalo is a "train wreck" around men she is sexually attracted to—the other drinks too much or repeatedly shoves her foot in her mouth. Or so she says. The 36-year-old stand-up comic chooses books by their cover, but will never pose for the front of a magazine in her underwear. Her diet—when she loses weight for a acting gig (she doesn't diet when she desperately wanted pants, only handing out)—consists of cigarettes, black coffee and diet pills. Born in Novato, N.J., and now based in New York City, Garofalo only jokes about her family when she's on the road. She's been when considered not pretty enough for a date, but refuses to wear makeup to auditions. And through the tour of the 1996 film *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* has a reputation for being extremely smelly. Garofalo staunchly denies the rumors. "I don't consider myself as being particularly intelligent. It's just that most people smell very intelligent at all, so it just sounds like I am," Garofalo, who will face her fear of flying



Garofalo a mess—and we like it

to do one night of stand-up in Toronto on July 12, bundles all of her idiosyncrasies for her comedy. And the experience is as cathartic for her as it is hilarious for the audience. "I'll embarrassed myself yet again in a social situation. I'm compelled to discuss it and decompress it," she says. "They laughing at it makes me feel better." Her friend Garofalo never gets her life together.

Read the full interview with Janeane Garofalo online.
[GO TO SITE](#)

SHOWING SOME SKIN

Old ladies如今叫 Carl Dia-Diamantopoulos to "take it all off." Most of his friends have seen him in the buff. And recently, his father, Bill, caught a glimpse of his backside, thanks to Diamantopoulos's role in the *The Full Monty*. The musical, about an out-of-work steelworkers in Buffalo who resort to stripping to raise some much-needed cash, is based on the hit film of the same name. "My dad is so cool with me taking my clothes off," says Diamantopoulos. "He said that my performance was more than just a strip—it was enlightening." Diamantopoulos admits at first the idea of stripping was daunting. But now he

finds the act strangely liberating. "It'll be interesting to see what I see in the future."

The 26-year-old is living with his parents in Toronto's Greek community during the 15-week Toronto production run—something he hasn't done since he was 18. "The single bed and Spiderman sheets are quite the change for someone who has travelled the country in major shows like *La Mimbledon*, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and *Evita*. But Diamantopoulos feels comfortable just about anywhere, be it speaking Greek on his old scrap-heap ground, traipsing around his New York City neighbourhood or hanging in the buff.

Diamantopoulos takes it all off at home



Papa, tell us another one

A is a member of 1980s folk-rock band The Mamas and the Papas. Her son Dennis Doherty was one-fourth of a real-life soap opera. Even before the group recorded its first album in 1966, Doherty had had an affair with band mate Michelle Phillips, who was married to another son, John Phillips. Rounding out the foursome was Cass Elliot, who was (not yet) secretly in love with Doherty. "We had three months of recording in '66, and John and Michelle and I had already had the *earthquake*," says Doherty, who now lives in Mississauga, Ont. "I didn't want to get together to go to the market, but alone around an album."

Doherty, 60, recalls the love triangle and the aftermath of being part of the folk-music explosion in his play, *Dinner a Little Dearer: The Nearly True Story of the Mamas and the Papas*. The one-woman show



which had a successful semi-nomadic run in Hell's Kitchen starting in 1997, opened last week in Toronto. Doherty provides a monologue of fascinating anecdotes and, with the help of a backing band, introduces most of the M & P's hits, including *Monday Monday*, *California Dreamin'* and *I Saw Her Again*.

Although the play doesn't touch on it, Doherty himself is recovering from a stroke. John's death in March since when he checked himself into a second floor. (The stroke caused a second floor.) And for chores up the other myth that says Mavis Coates died in 1974 by choking on a ham sandwich. "Eliza Mavis Coates, which was Coates' real name, was a Jewish girl, she didn't eat pork." Her death was also ruled a heart attack.

Doherty is a travelling love letter to Elliot. "Cass was really wonderful for the group being as popular as it was," says Doherty. "The three of us, John, Michelle and I, there is no way in the world that we could have done squat."

For nearly 20 years, Dr. Philip Berger has been at the forefront of HIV and AIDS treatment

IN THE TRENCHES

AIDS-death For 22 million people around the globe, this simple equation has become a reality. While medical treatments have prolonged and improved the lives of many of the 36 million people currently living with HIV/AIDS worldwide, victory in developing countries remains elusive—dashed by the ad-hoc funding, education and activism needed to stop the deadly disease. In Canada, new therapies have lowered death rates dramatically in recent years, but new cases are on the rise. Dr. Philip Berger, who is the chief of the department of family and community medicine at St. Michael's Hospital in downtown Toronto, has been on the front lines of the war against the disease for nearly two decades, treating patients even as AIDS was first identified. Berger, 50, spoke with researcher-activist John Lewis.

Maclean's: How has the public perception of AIDS changed over the years?

Berger: The initial perception was one of terror. There were many innocent reactions. People thought the disease was limited to homosexual men, drug users and hemophiliacs. Some people thought it could be transmitted by bed bugs, through the use of doorknobs, in swimming pools or by being served in a restaurant by someone with AIDS. I think the message has finally gotten through. But now many view HIV/AIDS as no longer a terminal disease, which is very wrong. It still kills.

Maclean's: How have treatments and care-uals changed?

Along, which showed how suppressed people's immune systems were, even though there was no good treatment for that. Other drugs were introduced and patients began complaining them, even though it had not been recommended. Finally, triple therapy and different classes of drugs [were introduced] in 1995. At that point, the incidence of people with HIV developing pneumonia began plummeting, as did death rates. I have one patient who was diagnosed with AIDS in 1992 and has been relatively healthy for nine years. The patient was lucky not to get sick before effective drugs became available. Ten to 15 years ago, it would have been unimaginable for someone to live with AIDS for five or six years. Now, it's not unusual.

Maclean's: How is the quality of life for dear on the medical front?

Berger: The drugs are not fun to take. They have terrible side-effects. There is often a change in body image. A person's face may become gaunt, people may develop a pad of fat behind their necks. Their arms and legs may thin and they may develop big bellies and larger breasts in women. It is important to watch how anti-HIV drugs interact with each other and with other medications. The number of pills depends on the combination one takes. In a lot of cases, patients now take fewer pills but the same amount of chemicals. People can be on five types of anti-HIV drugs a day and others can be on a lot more. It depends on the combination. There are always problems with timing and whether to take them with food or a full stomach.

Maclean's: Some AIDS treatments help people live longer, but they also result in a never-dies-free attitude toward risky sex?

Berger: I'm not sure. Statistics show more cases of HIV are cropping up. The reason is complex, but drugs can prolong lives may be part of the equation, since people don't view AIDS as a death sentence.

Maclean's: Do you think people still view AIDS as a gay disease?

Berger: I hope not. The statistics show it isn't. According to some estimates, one-quarter of new infections in Canada are found to be heterosexuals. In the developing world, almost all cases are heterosexuals. The number of women is also increasing.

Maclean's: AIDS: giving or fair share of money?

Berger: No disease gets the funding the people who suffer from the disease think it should. The research into AIDS benefits all other sexually transmitted diseases as well as research of other diseases. It

'Many view HIV/AIDS as no longer a terminal disease, which is very wrong. It still kills'



South Africa AIDS park: banner zone of the world's 22 million victims

does not help to combat disease since it results in patient groups competing for money.

Maclean's: What is the best possible result of research efforts, and how likely is that to happen?

Berger: Several new classes of therapy are being studied. The hope is they will help people live a more normal and longer life, even if a cure is never found. People have not been on the newly developed drugs long enough to know how long this will take. Only time will tell.

Maclean's: How big a role should Canada be playing in finding a cure using primarily its unique problem only in the developing world?

Berger: Since Canada is a country of relative wealth, we have a major role to play. Recently, I proposed the "95-per-cent rule." Since 95 per cent of HIV infections occur in developing countries, 95 per cent of the proceeds from fancy galas events used to raise money should go to combat programs in developing nations. It would be a symbolic gesture of solidarity, but was not well received.

Maclean's: What were the worst years in your medical practice?

Berger: During some really tough years in the 1980s, I had about 250 to 275 patients. Now, I have about 120. I used to keep a list of the people I had passed away. I stopped counting. It was around 200. Most of those were prior to 1996.

Maclean's: Were there days you thought it was hopeless?

Berger: I've never felt entirely hopeless. I've always had what's maybe a naive confidence that scientists and researchers would find a therapy to slow or stop the disease. Despite far too. Sometimes even rage. Rage at colleagues who damaged patients out of their practice. Rage at the government who failed to respond appropriately. Rage with the public-health system that was obsessed with collecting names of people even though they couldn't tell you why they needed them. Rage with hospitals where food trays were left at the door of patients because food handlers didn't want to touch patients. Rage with employers who fired employees. Rage with landlords who kicked HIV-infected people out of their apartments. But especially rage with families who abandoned their children or relatives who had HIV. It's the bad stories I remember, but there were some inspirational people. Two young surgeons who operated on HIV patients during the 1980s, without question, and also some amazing parents who loved their children unconditionally. I have always tried to give patients hope. In the mid-'80s it was more an illusion of hope. Now it's real.

'IT IS NOT GOSPEL'

In a surprise reversal, the Canadian Medical Association Journal published a study last week suggesting that doctors should encourage women from pursuing breast self-examination. Not only is there "fair evidence of no benefit," say the authors of the Canadian Task Force on Preventive Health Care report, there is also "good evidence of harm." The report avoided "a tone of controversy and suspicion over BSE, which discourages breast self-examination and preaching to their patients for the past three decades." Michaela's Senior Writer Sharon Dayle Dredger discusses the study's implications with Dr. Tim Terry, head of breast imaging at the Cross Cancer Institute in Edmonton and chief radiologist for women's care at the Alberta Program for Early Detection of Breast Cancer. Terry's response:

They have done a potential disservice to women. We see women all the time who find a lump themselves. The task force reviewed a couple of studies that were fairly solid and had fairly large numbers. They may not have been a significant number of breast cancers found in the BSE group compared with the control group. But for the individual woman who finds a lump, BSE may make the difference between surviving breast cancer and dying from it.

A REPORT DISCOURAGING BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION RAISES AN OUTCRY

It is common sense—you've got to do everything you can to get these things out as soon as possible. We know mammography doesn't get all breast cancers. We certainly know that a clinical breast exam by a physician doesn't find all the breast cancers. And we know a lot of cancers are found by women themselves. I would be very reluctant to tell those women, "You are wasting your time."

The majority of lumps women find turn out to be benign. But does that mean if you find a lump in your neck you should ignore it? Or hope that it will go away? Anytime a woman finds a lump in her breast women's attention to ensure it is not malignant.

We recommend women do BSE so they get to know their normal lumps and bumps. But we don't like women to think that BSE is the only way they will find breast

lerry says the non-contraceptive self-examinations are still useful—alongside other tests

cancer. Generally, by the time a cancer is big enough for a woman or her physician to feel, it is about two centimetres in diameter. The larger the cancer the greater the chance it may have spread to the lymph nodes and the harder it is to cure.

The authors of the report consider fear to be a complication of BSE. Certainly by doing BSE some women are going to find things that are going to scare them. No doubt when a woman finds a lump in her breast she becomes convinced she is going to die of breast cancer. I know my wife did. But what is breast? To have short-term fear until you can be reassured it is benign? Or if it is malignant, to stay blissfully ignorant until the cancer is big enough to grow into the chest wall and your chances of cure are minimal?

This study charts the potential for harm overweighing any benefit. They say women doing BSE are going to have more biopsies and when you do a breast biopsy there is always the potential of complications. If you have a surgical biopsy, you will have some scarring of the breast and it can be confusing for subsequent mammograms. But there are not as many open surgical biopsies as there used to be. Now, because of improvements in imaging techniques, we can get a piece of tissue at the end of a needle and that avoids general anesthesia and surgical section, so the complication rate tends to be much lower.

If a woman does monthly BSE properly—and I think women need to be taught how to do it properly—she is far more likely to know if there has been a significant change than her physician who may do breast examinations on thousands of women every year. I don't know how he or she can remember what an individual patient's breast felt like a year ago.

This is one paper. It is not the gospel. Certainly, for the foreseeable future, we will continue to strongly recommend that the most effective way of reducing the mortality for breast cancer is to have regular mammogram screening, clinical breast examination and do breast self-examination. That's what I promise for my wife.

Dr. Terry, Cross Cancer Institute

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ROGERS
MEDIA

WEIRD WORLD

But it really is bizarre here," Renowned ecologist Tim Flannery hints from Australia, home of the platypus and the duck-billed platypus, yet he laughingly insists that North America can out-world his continent any day. "When I came to Boston for the first time in 1997, I was amazed," he recalls. "It was mid-September, 100 per cent hibernating—a vast bonanza of plants and insects, dazzling great colors. Six weeks later, it was all gone. That doesn't happen in Australia, or anywhere else." Flannery's astonishment at North America has only grown since that trip, and won full display in *The Journalist* (Publishers Group West, \$42.50), his extraordinary natural history of the continent.

Against a very deep background—he begins his book with that "most unfortunate day" 65 million years ago when it's widely believed a comet-avoiding asteroid slammed into the Earth—Flannery describes a landscape forever subject to the shock of the new. The asteroid killed large mammals around the world, but North America bore the brunt of the disaster. The 10-km-wide rock was coming from the south when it struck near Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, sending shock and tidal waves, and tonnes of crater soils—what Flannery calls the "dust" gouged out by the impact—up to 7,000 km north. North America was scoured almost clean of life. Then there are the repeated revolutionary effects of the continent's most distinguishing characteristic, its capacity to rapidly change climate.

North America is a giant inverted wedge, 6,500 km across in the front Arctic and only 60 km wide at its southern end. Not only are there no car-wre-



mountain ranges to break the north-south air flow, but the Rocky and Appalachian mountain ranges actually reinforce a narrow off-shore, channelling super-chilled air south in winter and equally hot winds north in summer, producing the blink-of-an-eye temperature seasons that so amaze Flannery in Boston.

Flannery's "climatic rampage" plays two roles, however; the seasonal variation

AN AUSSIE ECOLOGIST
MARVELS AT NORTH
AMERICA'S STRANGENESS

of extreme heat and cold, and a longer one, played out over geological time, that rapidly shifts North America between greenhouse and ice age modes. Fifty million years ago, crocodiles swam in the Arctic, but 18,000 years ago more ice than is found today in Antarctica covered almost all of Canada. It would take only a two-degree-drop in deep-sea temperatures for those glaciers to return.

The 45-year-old University of Adelaide professor is as far from a hot-shot preening

The 400-kilometre-wide Florida and Central America

when he discusses the impact made by humans. At the end of the last ice age, some 15,000 years ago, much of the continent looked like Africa. Mammals like rhinoceroses, recent invaders from Asia, roamed the land, keepings back the forests and allowing native horses and camels to thrive. Into this fallen case another ecology-changing wave of Asian immigration. The big-game hunters of so-called Clovis culture were either the first Americans or the first who knew how to exploit the meg-fauna. Within 300 years of Clovis appearance, all the giants were gone. Clovis is extinct over the cause of their extinction, with aboriginal Americans and many scientists arguing for climate change. But Flannery, displaying a very Australian disdain for political niceties, has no doubt: "Oh, they disappeared into a black hole, all right, one between the Clovis nose and chin. It's a dangerous, thumping myth to say that native Americans, or anyone else, are stand-alone conservatives."

What the first Americans experienced was the same phenomenon that European settlers underwent more recently: ecological release. The newcomers started a host of plenty that offered no check on their technology—not that is, and the bounty was consumed. Native Americans did adapt themselves to the end of the age of plenty, hunting across the continent to create societies—many unlike any others on earth—in harmony with their local ecology. The European onslaught has been far worse, encompassing the extinction of human and animal groups, massive deforestation and water poisoning. Nor have we yet relaxed in our bones, Flannery argues, that the former is gone. "I'm not convinced that a fully adapted American culture exists yet." Until one does, North America, land of extremes, will continue to suffer its latest invaders.

Brain Behnke

In Hollywood it's raining ninja cats, spy dogs—and pyrotechnics from Winnipeg

BLOW-UP

By Brian D. Johnson



I don't usually get excited by explosions in movies. I know. But still. Staff goes up, stuff comes down, and my mind turns to thoughts of global warming. But the explosion in *Sevenfold*, a similar teaming job. Travels as a high-tech thief, is something else. It occurs in the first few minutes of the film, and after it everything else seems anti-climactic, with the possible exception of Halle Berry being yanked in a chaotic struggle. Travels' villain is holding 30 hostages in a Los Angeles bank, each wrapped with plastic explosives, ball bearings and electronic detonator collars. When a trigger-happy cop shoots one of the bad guys, a fragile hostage gets loose and is blown to kingdom come. Filmed in super slow motion—what the wakant of *The Matrix* dubbed "bullet time," capable of capturing a bullet in flight—the explosion is stretched over 42 seconds on screen. We see it as an unbroken panarama of cascading bodies flying through the air, a storm of ball bearings and shattering glass—so if

the cameras were moving through the explosion, surging the shock wave. An action scene, it's not gory, it's beautiful. And this is a country Canadians can be proud of: it was made in Winnipeg.

The footage that served as the raw material for the *Sevenfold* explosion was shot in California over a period of three days, with multiple arrays of more than 180 still cameras firing in programmed sequence, the task of placing the cameras, and mounting the bins and pens into a computer-controlled whole, was done by a small Winnipeg-based visual effects company, Frantic Films. Fifteen frantic employees took eight months to composite the shot for Warner Bros., which spent almost \$5 million on the explosion—roughly the cost of two modern Canadian forums.

Ken Zemanek, the 30-year-old co-founder of Frantic Films, created the company four years ago with partner Chen Bond. Recalling how he landed the *Sevenfold* contract, he says, "We hopped in the car, threw a couple

Movies, of course, create their own industry. While the who-lols at *Frantic Films* were doing their best for mankind by helping to blow up a hostage and good, at the other end of the creative spectrum, Winnipeg-area Guy Maddin has been riding in awards for his in-existent masterpiece,

The Heart of the World, a whiffy melodrama, edited at a dervish clip with 727 cuts. If the *Sevenfold* explosion is an exercise in expanded time, like a novel crunched on a grain of rice. Most filmmakers edit on a computer system, but Maddin, 41, says he assembled his film "with just Scotch tape and a splicer." And he deliberately left all the tape and dent and crayon marks on the final print, which looks like a effects-free artifact—a time bomb from a less era.

Filmmaking in Canada means an incongruous business. For Zemanek, it means trapping pennies across the Internet. For Maddin, it's not unlike being a medieval engraver. And for Atom Egoyan, it means creating an American Turk's village, circa 1912, a scene shot from Cherry Beach in Toronto. Anyone cycling the city's waterfront bike path last month could have glimpsed Egoyan directing crowds of local Armenians dressed in peasant wear ambling convoluted village square with replicas of clay and sheet buildings—the set for *Osiris*, a film which looks like a re-enactment of the genocide of Turkey's ethnic Armenians in 1915. You could assume it's fakka cops playing board games, married women shopping for dried figs, children scampering through the dust. And



In *Cats & Dogs*, a conspiracy of feline tools world domination, while *Canary Beautiful*, with *Hannah and Dennis*, is an old-school crazy cat flick the big explosion in *Sevenfold* (opposite) was financed in Canada's mongrel movie industry

poking out of the blue sky, the CN Tower is showing that all these anomalies—the \$120,000-per-second explosion for fun and profit in *Sevenfold*, the free-spirited, kaleidoscopic *triumph of The Heart of the World* and the refracted history of *Armenia*—can actually share the same medium. But filmmaking in Canada is a mongrel industry, divided between serving the American market and engineering its own dreams.

Hollywood doesn't have to grapple with those identity issues it manufactures in own world, week after week. Here are two of its latest products, two formula pictures that are not as formulaic as they appear. One of them, *Cats & Dogs*, has a Canadian pedigree; it was directed by Lawrence Golenberg, who grew up in Montreal and Toronto, and studied animation at Sheridan College in Oakville, Ont.

Cats & Dogs Let me declare my bias: I don't like movie about pets. I don't even like pets or movies—those catnapping their cat dogs cracking their heads drive me crazy. And I have a profound aversion to live-action stories about talking animals. Well, except for *Shrek*, which was tolerable, and *Babe* as the Guy, a film so thrillingly clunky and perverse it was the exception that proves the rule. That said, through these pampered eyes, *Cats & Dogs* is a plausible diversion with a few spats of real wit—a picture that should delight children, pro-loving parents and anyone with a soft spot for state-of-the-art staged pet tricks.

Designed as a spoof of a spy thriller about an international conspiracy of can-
nists through a series of haphazard meet-ups, *As the Allergy-pet boy Hernández avoids getting swallowed by monocle* And Dorota weigl is at the eleventh hour with a heartwarming performance that makes *Canary Beautiful* more than a teen flick.

But then Diana—who was a bloodsucking child in *Desperado* with *Diego* and a rabid chemist in *Being & Gei*—is a typical teen. Next year she'll portray Tobey Maguire's web-mates in *Spider-Man*. And in Hollywood, when you get to play a comic-book character, you know you're finally come of age. ■

Dickson poses a *fisherman's rock* (above); *Robenbach Art Cards* (below)

Cutting-edge creators wrest new ideas from the staid museums of Kingston

GOING AGAINST THE FLOW

BY SHARON DOYLE DRIEDGER

It seems inappropriate, almost pornographic. No one would expect to see such a video in Bellevue House, the Kingston, Ont., home of Sir John A. Macdonald and a National Historic Site. A close-up shows an unshaven man who seems caught in a paroxysm of passion or grief—or both. His eyes are closed, his lips parted, his breathing heavy, escalating. A second adjacent screen focuses on his racing hands, fingers suggestively caressing the soft white curves of—gasp—a top and sweater believed to have belonged to Sir John A.'s wife, Isabella. The scene is surreal. Some visitors giggle, others laugh uncomfortably. Peter Hobbs, a Montreal performance artist, is mocking their discomfort. "Isabella was very ill when she died here, and he is making a connection with her," explains a young



citywide show (which runs until Sept. 9) features new work by creators including: escorting young Vancouver artist Brian Jungen, Governor General Award-winner Julie Belanger, several other prominent or emerging Canadians, and celebrated Russian-born artist Vitaly Kurnat and

Alexander Metzloff. Caused by Mental illness Jon Dickson and Jennifer Rubin, in collaboration with the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, *Museopoly* brings cutting-edge contemporary work to the old setting of museums devoted to military, political, marine and private history, geology, health care and hockey. It's an audacious experiment: give the art museum free rein to explore the museum's collections and find inspiration in whatever they might encounter. The end result is a diverse collection of works in a variety of genres—sculpture, installation and conceptual art—which



Please make 35 hand-drawn renditions of fishbones, while Jungen's cube (below) was inspired by an attempted escape

comment, humorously and/or politically, on the meaning of objects.

The highlight of the show is Jungen's installation, *Isolated Deposition of the Pouage of Time*. The queer, Chapman artist, who first won acclaim two years ago with his Nike tracks, drew inspiration from an escape device displayed in the Canadian Service of Canada Museum. A clever inmate at Millhaven honed his nail traps and hollowed out the corners so he could hide in a "slammer" track of traps. He arranged a getaway when the traps were moved to a nearby prison for cleaning. "It didn't work," says Jungen, "but I was inspired by his ingenuity."

Jungen's installation is subtly minimalist. The 1.2-m-high cube, formed with stacks of soviet trays on a wooden sled, sits slightly off-centre in a shadowed, off-kilter room. A single light dangles from the ceiling. On the surface, the cube sits upon another stack of trays, but the artist often subtle clues to its meaning. Voices barely audible, emanate from a television hidden inside; its blue glow barely visible between the cracks. Like the prisoner, Jungen calculated every detail. The work is composed of 1,362 trays, the exact number of meat aborigines cannibalistically incarcerated in federal prisons (Jungen is of Swiss and native descent). Five columns represent the lengths of their sentences. *Isolated Deposition of the Pouage of Time* conveys empathy for prisoners' loneliness and isolation for their powers of observation.

Some of the exhibits are gaudy subversives. Barbara Hunt installs 35 of the iconic little pink hand-knit handmuffs in the munitions magazine of the 1840s Martello tower at the Royal Military College of Canada Museum. The Whistper boy artist uses military thresholds as a guide for his renditions of the weapons. John Dickson's *Museopoly* piece is even more audacious. The English-born artist plunges his facsimile with water in SOS 2005, his third so-called bubble work. Working in the dry dock of the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes, the artist rigg'd an underwater system of pipes and valves that intermittently seal, compress air to the surface, the bubbles forming the letters "SOS." "The piece is a diatribe on...," says Dickson, 40. "It relates to my environmental concern."



THE SHOW'S UNUSUAL PREMISE YIELDED WORKS OF PASSION AND SLY HUMOUR

The more playful work in *Museopoly* at *The World's Largest Ball of Hockey Tape 2005*, part of Mitch Robertson's installation at the International Ice Hockey Federation. Missouri Robertson, a 26-year-old Toronto artist who vaulted into the limelight with his *Art Cards*, a send-up of hockey trading cards, used 36 km of hockey tape to build the sculpture. "It couldn't be more useless," says Robertson. "But people will be in awe just because of its ridiculous size." Visitors during the show's first weekend did in fact gravitate to Robertson's piece, which quickly established itself as one of the show's best.

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Museopoly presents unique challenges to participating artists—and to the museum staff. "There is a creative tension in this project," says Ed Gonda, director of operations at the hockey museum. "The museum's purpose is to preserve sport history. The artists' purpose is to push the social, cultural envelope." Gonda finds *Museopoly* "refreshing, a welcome opportunity to find a new perspective." But at another museum, at least one staffer remains skeptical. "I know about the old stuff," she says. "I don't know about this contemporary art." ■

KRALL'S LADIES-IN-WAITING

Donna Krall may be the reigning queen of jazz, but the Niagara, B.C., singer faces numerous challenges to the throne. The list includes New York's Jane Monheit and Toronto's Carol Widman who, like Krall, are phenominal interpreters of jazz standards. Monheit and Widman have other things in common: both have new CDs that also feature pop and Broadway material, and both are appearing at this week's Montreal Jazz Festival—so is Krall herself. But that's where the similarities end. While Widman leans to a smooth jazz style, Monheit favors an edgy, stripped-down approach.

The granddaughter of Frank S. Welman, the founder and first conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Carol Welman certainly has the right credentials and education, having studied at the prestigious Berklee College of Music in Boston. And she's earned JUNO and Juno Award nominations for her three previous



Monheit struts, while Widman (top right) goes for smooth



through on the fairly
telling *It Good* and
*La Maudite de Mon
Coeur*, in which her
French vocals provide the album's
sole very ingredient.

By contrast, Monheit's second album, *Come Down with Me* (N-Codex/Koch), evokes melancholy. Whether she's singing through a playful number like Harold Arlen's *Put the Road to December* or re-creating her *Over the Rainbow*, popularized by Judy Garland, as a sparse-singing whisper, Monheit does more with less. Blessed with a sweet voice that Krall's stately contralto, she delivers an emotionally intense re-creation of the Duke Ellington/Billy Strayhorn classic *Swingin' on Life* and an achingly emotional version of Jean-Michel Almeida's *A Case of You*. Until Krall's next album comes out in September, Monheit's disc will do nicely.

Nathalia Journeay

play neighbourhood bubbles. And he is worried about his old friend, Moses (stolid Harry), a soccer coach who is negotiating his studies while John plays his guitar. As the characters converge at a country estate owned by John's magnanimous boss (Borisлава), the plot truly gets with unexpected results.

Although the story is tenuous, the acting is superb. Shooting on digital video, Allodi has created a soft ensemble drama graced with humorous asides and quietly affecting moments. Unfortunately, the drama is almost too idyllic for its own good. But the director offers an endearing sign for *Cosecha* clinicians—that a film by amateurs, destined to come and go without fanfare, can reveal such a depth of talent.

Brian D. Johnson



Moses and John are nephews of a doctor filled with affecting moments

dent (Norah Jones) who is married to his boss's son. He is also fretting about his trouble-ridden sister, Celia (Jane Fonda), a sweet soul who is so desperate for a child that she has been kidnap-

Not-so-grim tales

Reading about work and life at the Rudolf Wohl-Reservoirs laugh-cultural experience. The fun begins with a staff meeting called by the new editor that is as absurdly theatrical, it could even be real. From there, the biting satire of Clifton Gordon's *The Green Pig* (McClelland & Stewart) ripples rapidly from one nearly believable adventure to another, including a lyrical description of curling and curling in a Musk for them, conducted by a visiting fishing evangelist.

Uncle Bob Gordon, an Ontario Canadian cartoonist, shows that he is a worthy Canadian successor to Evelyn Waugh, whose *Scoop* (1938) is the standard for the popular fiction of debunking of journalistic pomposity.

Michael Beaudet

Best Sellers

Fiction

1. **THE GREEN PIG**, Clifton Gordon (McClelland & Stewart)
2. **DESPERATELY WAITING**, P.D. James (Bantam)
3. **THE FIFTH PILLAR**, Shekhar Chandra (McClelland & Stewart)
4. **THE PERVERSE MIND**, Margaret Atwood (McClelland & Stewart)
5. **WHITE GIRL, DARK SOUL**, Therese Anne Fowler (McClelland & Stewart)
6. **WAGGONERS FRESH**, Andrew Donald (Egmont)
7. **MARJORIE PRIME**, Donal O'Kelly (Egmont)
8. **ANY TIME WE MEET AGAIN**, Amy Tan (Egmont)
9. **SAVANNAH**, Dennis Lehane (Egmont)
10. **CANT HELP**, Leslie Jamison (Egmont)

Nonfiction

1. **THINCH LESTER**, Eric Mottram (Egmont)
2. **THE WISDOM OF INSECTS**, Odile Decq (Egmont)
3. **THE JADE OF THE SUN**, Puyan Khorrami (Egmont)
4. **TIME 100**, TIME (Egmont)
5. **INHERITANCE**, James Gleason (Egmont)
6. **WHAT THIS MOTHER**, Joanne Baskin (Egmont)
7. **THE HONEY INSECT**, Thor Johnson (Egmont)
8. **THE MIND PARADE**, Alan McDiarmid (Egmont)
9. **THE JUST KIDS**, Oliver Sacks and Nancy Sacks (Egmont)
10. **THE LAUGHING EEL**, Jason Gouart (Egmont)
11. **Wise as Up**, Gwyneth Stiles (Egmont)

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Allan Fotheringham

Hats and the horsey set

The dress code reads: "Gentlemen are reminded that only black or grey morning dress with top hat or service dress is acceptable. Those not complying with the dress regulations will be asked to leave the Royal Enclosure."

We are, of course, in lovely Berkshire, an hour by train west of London, at one of the great tribal rituals of British life, Ladies Day at Royal Ascot in June. Basically, a bunch of horses' asses watching horses show their asses. The fixture is 160. The Gold Cup, was first run in 1807. "Ladies are asked to wear formal day dress with a hat covering the crown of the head. The Ascot Authority reserves the right to refuse admission to anyone who is considered to be inappropriately dressed."

In this green and pleasant land, the fields outside the course are fly-blown white-witch lawns, the length of a squash court, attended by race-goers drinking champagne at tulipate parties. Presumably those who cannot afford grey morning dress or had forgotten their top hat. Or possibly the roses. There are six races each day of the four-day Royal Ascot session, starting at the gloriously hour of 2:30 and finishing at the gaudily hour of 5:30.

After six months separating her from a nickel, it is \$130 a pop to get into the Royal Enclosure. Ladies who have spent \$400 for their slingshot shoes are from deepest man-sod to the walls through the disintegrating carpet to weed off the foot-and-mouth disease they have brought in from the radio. Even the bulls must suffer. It is a cruel world.

It is 2:00 and Her Majesty and members of the Royal Family enter the racetrack through the Golden Gates and travel the length of the straight mile in open horse-drawn carriages. The Queen is in tangerine, Princess Anne in rose and the Queen Mum in light blue. Prince Philip tips his hat. The Whistlers, of course, are famous for being philistines, not interested in the arts or theater at all, but are regal at the horses, led by Her Majesty herself. Prince Philip once allowed a friend, "He doesn't care and isn't gay, which not interested."

Please, no, at a \$2,000 hat, it is up to us to be regal, and usually are the asses' asses. A chap's entire monthly wages can be consumed in three strands of feathers that must, as we know, cover the crown of the head. Hair shaped like satellite



dishes, hats that look like a crushed meringue cake, hats that resemble a dead raccoon on top of an otherwise pretty lady, hats that are afraid for the day and returned to the department store before sunrise.

There is, as the Grandstand Enclosure above, the Eridge Bar, the Double Bar, the Pall Mall Bar, the Diamond Jubilee Bar, the Anandale Restaurant, the Tryon Bar and the Laven Bar. The Punters No. 1 flows exclusively. This is because English racing is based on the belief that there is no racing until the horses actually cross the finish line. The Ascot course wonders over hill and dale so far away that only the BBC announcer with binoculars can trace the dogs and the posters only see them when they finally emerge in the final straight, which is all uphill. The Punters does well in the long wait.

Outside the Pall Mall Bar, outside all the silk and fringey, the male amazons are carried on a spectacular lady, well over six feet, wearing black-felted stockings, spike heels, hot pants and a swallowtail coat. First Street next day reveals her as "Mas Whiplash," a drag queen.

In the Grandstand Enclosure, cleavage is running wild. "Gentlemen are encouraged to wear a jockey and tie or a suit, No jeans, shorts or singlets please." It is late afternoon in the hot sun and, in the Royal Enclosure, ladies, victims of champagne and high heels in the grass, lay stretched out in their expensive frocks. Captains of industry and business give up lie down on the grassy turf. It looks for all the world like a Sunday school picnic outside Moore's Inn. It is 5:00 and the Queen Mum, 100 year young, is the most unbroken survivor in the floral line, standing up with her monocle trying to locate the horsehair that has disengaged from her face.

Race over, all the top hats and ladies crush—like crushed rock fine in the mesh cloth—around the bandstand where the Grenadier Guards hand pounds out *Rule, Britannia* and *A Long Long Way to Tipperary*. A US professor teaching here says most Americans now view England as nothing more than a *Monty Python's Flying Circus* cartoonish collection of quips and clichés. The Queen Mum is now coming in patches and the mob scene gleefully shoves along with *Lord of the Flies* and *Glory*. As the world moves on, you can always look back instead.



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